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THE TROUT STREAM.

The season for trouting is now about half over; tens of thousands of amateur anglers from the great cities are pursuing the brook trout in every mountain stream of the Northeast; and our engraving on this page will therefore serve as a reminder of scenes that are past as well as of pleasures that are present. It represents one of the many mountain streams of New England and the Middle States in which the speckled trout is so abundant. The trout has been a great favorite with anglers ever since Sir Humphrey Davy recorded the "Days of Fly-fishing" in his "Salmonia;" and its capture leads the lover of nature, at least in our own country, amidst the most romantic scenery at the finest season of the year.

HAPPINESS IN THE DESERT.

The desert is not exactly the place where we should look for happiness, nor the place to which we would direct an artist to seek the beautiful in sentiment or color; and yet, judging from the engraving which we give on page 469, Mr. Haag has there found both. Mr. Haag has been a great traveler among the Arabs, having penetrated the desert as far as Palmyra, and the scene which he depicts, and which he probably saw, gives us an Orientalist's idea of true happiness. For the local fidelity, and the truthful character of the camel and Arab figures, for the accuracy of the costumes, quaint trappings, and appointments we need not vouch. The stalwart head of this strange family evidently feels the sentiment of the time, and stalks on, leading his jaded camel, piping to beguile the loneliness, and cheerily anticipating the cooler night's journey, along that ghastly way, marked only throughout its course by skeletons of dead camels. His water-skin is well filled; he has a trusty cimeter by his side; his good camel has never failed him yet; his wife is mounted in security, dancing, with all a mother's joy and pride, her babe to the cadence of the pipe—what more is needed to complete the idea of an Arab's "Happiness in the Desert?"

AN IMPERIAL BALL.

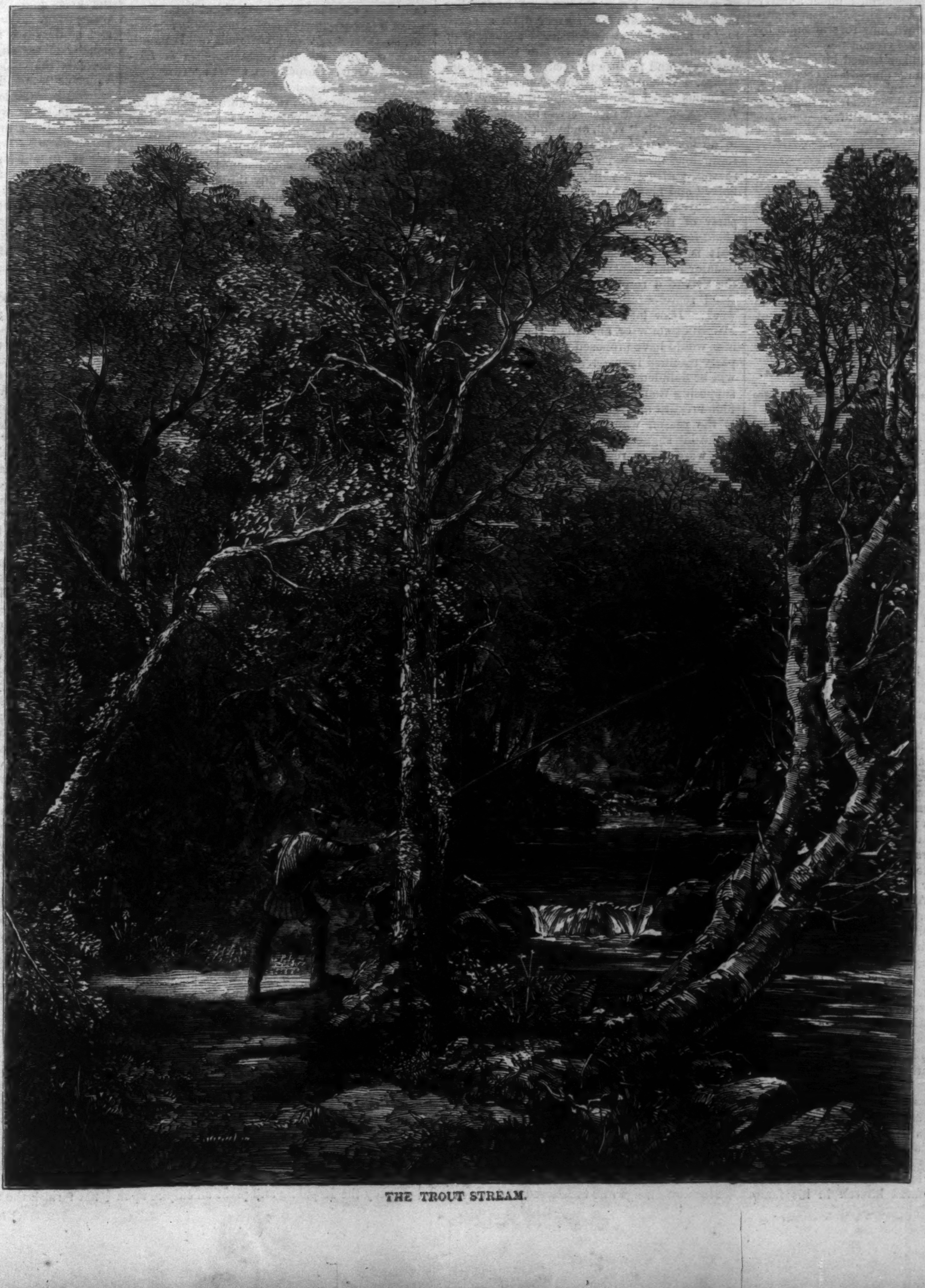
The ball given by the Prefect of the Seine to the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia during their sojourn in the French capital last month was one of the most magnificent civic fêtes ever witnessed. Its cost was over $200,000; and, as the number of guests invited amounted to 8000, they were entertained on an average of $25 per head. The court-yard of the Hôtel de Ville, with its magnificent staircase, presented, possibly, a more striking appearance than it has ever done on any former festive occasion. The cascades, which form an attractive feature of this grand entrance-hall, sparkled under a flood of light, while the whole architectural features of the court were traced out by a profusion of flowers of varied colors. The salons of this municipal palace were decorated with luxurious taste. On every hand were exotic plants and shrubs encompassing fountains and jets d'eau, which imparted an agreeable freshness to the air, surcharged, as it was, with the fragrance of myriads of flowers, comprising all the most choice productions of the hot-house. Three orchestras for dance music were provided, in addition to which there were other bodies of musicians and groups of singers stationed in various parts of the building. After passing slowly through the various salons the Imperial visitors took their seats on the raised platform in the centre of the Salle des Fêtes, beneath the velvet and silk canopy which surmounted this capacious throne. The Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia occupied the two central seats, the Emperor Napoleon being at the right of the Russian monarch, and the Empress at the left of his Majesty of Prussia. The other Princes and Princesses were placed according to their rank; and behind them, on the right, were the Embassadors, the ladies of their families being on the left. Although the ball had been given in their honor, not one of the Sovereigns present danced on the occasion.

CORONATION OF THE KING OF HUNGARY.

Francis Joseph I., Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, succeeded to the sovereignty both of the empire and of the kingdom nearly twenty years ago; but the Magyars of Hungary, who struggled in 1849 to free their country from its connection with Austria, when they were crushed by the intervention of Russia, have but lately consented to acknowledge him as their King, upon the concession of due guarantees for their constitutional liberties. The ceremonies of his coronation, which took place, on the 8th inst., at Buda and Pesth, the twin cities of the Danube forming the capital of Hungary, were extremely splendid. These ceremonies were several in number. A procession, formed of the courtiers, officers of state, noblemen, magnates, and knights, first escorted the Emperor to the church of St. Stephen at Buda, where he received the sword of St. Stephen, and, raising it aloft, took the coronation-oath. The procession then proceeded from Buda across the river to Pesth and to the square in front of the parish church of Pesth. Here a tribune was erected and covered with a cloth of gold; and on this, while holding aloft a crucifix in his left hand and extending three fingers of the other toward heaven, he again took the oath. The procession then moved to the "Franz-Joseph Platz," where an artificial mound had been raised for the last scene of the coronation ceremony. The horsemen lined the four sides of the square, leaving the central space clear. The King, holding his drawn sword in his hand, rode up to the summit of the mound alone. He raised the sword and cut toward the east, then he turned toward the west, and cut in that direction; again he wheeled his horse toward the south, and cut again, and the sword cross was completed when he made his sword gleam toward the north. This performance, which made a very effective scene, is represented in our illustration on page 473. The pier-heads and toll-houses of the suspension-bridge are shown in the background; and beyond, on the other side of the river, is the church where the King was crowned.

Dr. CARNOCHAN.

Among the representative men of this country the first place in surgery, now that Dr. Valentine Mott is dead, is accorded without dispute to Dr. John M. Carnochan, of New York city, whose portrait we give on page 477. He has performed more difficult and original surgical operations, requiring boldness and skill, than any other living American surgeon, and as many, if not more, than Dr. Mott performed in his long experience



THE TROUT STREAM.

of nearly sixty years in this country and Europe.

Dr. CARNOCHAN is a native of Savannah, Georgia, where he was born in 1817, and is descended in a direct line from General ISRAEL PUTNAM. His father was a native of Scotland and resident of Savannah; and while his son was yet a youth he accompanied him to Edinburgh and entered him at the High School of that city, where he studied several years. Soon after this he returned to America, and entered, as a student of medicine, the office of Dr. VALENTINE MOTT, who was then at the zenith of his reputation as a surgical practitioner and lecturer. After taking his degree as M.D. he visited Europe, and passed several years in attendance upon the clinical lectures of Paris, London, and Edinburgh. In 1847 he again returned to this country, and fixed upon New York as his residence. In his twenty years of practice in this city he has been invariably successful, until he has won the first position among American surgeons. In 1851 he was elected Professor of the Principles and Operations of Surgery in the New York Medical College, and Surgeon-in-Chief of the State Emigrant's Hospital; the latter position he still holds. During the rebellion he volunteered in the army, and served as surgeon for some time after the battle of the Wilderness.

His many daring and brilliant original operations have also won for him a world-wide reputation. In 1852 he successfully treated a case of *elephantiasis Arabum*, by ligature of the femoral artery; and has treated *elephantiasis* of the head, face, and neck by ligature of both *carotids*. In the same year he performed the operation of amputating the entire lower jaw, with disarticulation of both condyles, and has since successfully repeated the same delicate operation. In 1854 he exsected the entire ulna, saving the arm with its functions unimpaired; and subsequently, in another case, removed the entire radius with equal success. During the battle of the Wilderness, May 18, 1864, he performed, under a heavy fire, the amputation of the hip-joint—an operation previously performed four several times by him under less dangerous circumstances.

The operation which has gained him most renown, however, was the "unheard-of operation" of exsecting the entire trunk of the second branch of the fifth pair of cranial nerves from the *infra-orbital foramen* as low down as the *foramen rotundum* at the base of the skull. The patient was suffering from neuralgia, or *tic-douloureux*, and this startling and delicate operation—never before conceived, much less executed, by any other surgeon—effected speedy relief where all else had failed. This success did more to establish his reputation abroad than any of his previous undertakings.

The portrait which we give of Dr. CARNOCHAN is a very faithful one, and will give the reader not only his personal appearance but an idea of the character of this resolute, firm, and intellectual man. Dr. CARNOCHAN was married in 1855 to Miss ESTELLE MORRIS, a daughter of the late General WILLIAM W. MORRIS, U.S.A., and a direct descendant of GOUVERNEUR and LEWIS MORRIS, of Morrisania, New York, members of the First Congress of the United States.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1867.

A HOPELESS STRUGGLE.

WHEN Mr. JAMES BROOKS says that if he were President of the United States he would not allow Congress to impose upon him a law utterly subversive of the Constitution of the United States, what does he mean? Does he mean merely that if Congress passed a law over his veto he would refuse to execute it, or that, if he were required to execute a law which he considered unconstitutional, he would resign? If he means the latter, then President JAMES BROOKS would do precisely what the country would gladly see done by President ANDREW JOHNSON. Every body would be satisfied. But if he means the former, then he declares that he would, if possible, try to subvert the Government. In that case one of two things would happen. Civil war or impeachment. The President would certainly be removed, or he must be able to remove Congress.

Mr. BROOKS seems not to know that the will of the President is not the Government of this country. When laws are passed by Congress which he considers unconstitutional, he may object by his veto. When those laws are passed again over his veto, he must execute them or resign. And why not? Why are not two-thirds of Congress as likely to be right upon a question of constitutionality as the President? Mr. BROOKS declaimed against the Reconstruction Bill as outrageous and infamous. But however bad it may be, could it possibly contain any proposition so monstrous as that the President's pleasure is the law?

The speech of Mr. BROOKS and of Mr. WOOD in opposition to the House bill revealed once more the melancholy inability of the opposition in Congress and the utter folly of the party which conduct it. They declare that the late rebel States are as much States as ever, and that the whole system of reconstruction is an unparalleled military despotism which strikes at the very foundation of the Magna Charta which the barons wrung from King JOHN. Now this position is exactly the one upon which the President planted himself in his famous policy, which is as much a thing of the past as the gun-boat projects of Mr. JEFFERSON. The Democrats do not seem to see that they are engaged in a hopeless struggle upon this point, for they are fighting with the common-sense of the nation.

We are occasionally informed by sanguine Democrats that the Republican party is at an end, and that nothing is now between the Democracy and triumph. Nothing but the people. The Democratic leaders are constantly saying to the people of this country, "You have fought terribly; you have won a great victory; you are exhausted and want peace; give up all you have been fighting for and you shall have it." They wish us to regard the war as a mere trial of strength, in which we have succeeded, and every thing remains just as it was. Now, if any thing is clear, it is that the common-sense of the people does not agree that every thing is as it was. They have resolved that the late rebel States shall be reorganized upon the terms which they may prescribe, and not upon such as those States themselves may choose. And this is precisely the point of divergence between the Democratic party and the people.

Until this question is settled there is and can be no other issue. But the policy of Congress being heartily approved by the country, every patriotic man will do what he can to promote it, with a view to the speediest restoration and the peace and prosperity of the Union.

CUMULATIVE REPRESENTATION.

MISFORTUNE chasteneth. It is not surprising, therefore, that a party in the minority should fall to reflecting upon the possibility of increasing its power. Ten years ago the Democratic party in Congress was the most insolent of majorities. From the attempt to legalize the forcible thrusting of slavery upon a Territory to a murderous assault upon a Senator of the United States in the Senate Chamber, it was ready and profuse in excuses and even applause. When the Supreme Court uttered its infamous Dred Scott decision, the New York *Express*, one of the most servile tools of the majority, sneered, "Well, and what are you going to do about it?" Drunk with power the unscrupulous majority, reckless of right and of reason, pursued a policy which humanity abhorred and plunged the country into civil war. Destroyed by that war in every loyal State, the party of the former majority now begins to plead for the rights of minorities.

It is for this reason that Mr. BUCKALEW, Senator from Pennsylvania, has introduced into the Senate a resolution providing for the personal representation of which we spoke last week. How long would it have been before Mr. BUCKALEW or any other Democratic Senator would have proposed such a plan had their party retained its majority? We hope nobody will be deluded by the Senator's resolution into supposing that his party has acquired any profound regard for rights. It wants power. That is the reason which leads Mr. BUCKALEW to make his suggestion. If, he says, Pennsylvania were fairly represented, she would have twelve Democratic to twelve Republican representatives, instead of having, as now, eighteen Republicans to six Democrats. When a party in power announces such a principle its declaration is weighty. But when a minority party, which in its majority days showed the truculent spirit of the Democratic party, begins to talk of the exceeding justice of minority representation, we do not deny the truth of the sermon, but we laugh at the preacher.

Senator BUCKALEW'S speech shows at least that the subject excites interest. Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON, another representative of the minority, promised the proposition his cordial support. It is some comfort to know that the plan is good, although it is defended by Mr. BUCKALEW and approved by Mr. JOHNSON. It is unquestionably one of the plans which will be more and more approved the more intelligently it is studied. Indeed, it is one of the great forward steps in practical politics which is sure to be taken. Mr. BUCKALEW'S proposition is, that in the late rebel States each elector shall be entitled to give as many votes as there are representatives to be chosen, and he may divide them as he chooses, giving one vote to each candidate, or "cumulate" his votes upon one or more at his pleasure.

"THE HONEST MEN OF TENNESSEE."

A FEW days since the New York *World* published a long communication from Mr. JOHN LELLYETT, Chairman of the Middle Tennessee Executive Committee. It was full of the fiercest denunciation of Governor BROWNLOW and the Union citizens of the State. They are bloodthirsty, and Mr. BROWNLOW is a monster of tyranny and iniquity. But if a pensive public wished to see mild, mannerly, forbearing, humane, and law-abiding citizens, devoted to the Government and to the fundamental American principles of liberty and equality—in truth very lambs—it must inquire for Middle Tennessee Conservatives. The name is suggestive. Mayor MONROE'S thugs who massacred Union men last summer were "Conservatives;" and the men who held a carnival of murder and crime in New York four years ago at this time were of the same great "Conservative" party.

On the day upon which Mr. JOHN LELLYETT'S communication was published, we also received a communication from a citizen of Tennessee, who served throughout the war upon the side of the Union, against which the "Conservative" party, which the *World* calls "the honest men of Tennessee," was arrayed. These honest gentlemen are in fact the ex-rebels of Tennessee organized into a political party, controlling fifty newspapers, while the Union men have not half a dozen, carrying on the campaign with a determination to succeed at all hazards, their leader and candidate for Governor, EMERSON ETHERIDGE, declaring that any man ought to be shot who says that slavery is abolished, and the rank and file of the party following his advice to the letter. Such is the terrorism that these "honest men of Tennessee" have established that Union men are consciously in constant peril; and Governor BROWNLOW, who fully understands his State and the spirit and purpose of "the honest men of Tennessee," has taken military measures for the preservation of the peace and the protection of the Union men. "None but a BROWNLOW," says our correspondent, "could meet the emergency now upon us in Tennessee; and underlying his scorching rhetoric there is a reliable basis of truth, virtue, and patriotism."

No man in the country needs to be enlightened upon the character of the ex-rebels in Tennessee. They hate the Union and the Government just as cordially as ever, and the lost cause is the unknown god whom they worship. Even the mild Mr. LELLYETT, who calls Governor BROWNLOW a monster of tyranny because he will not let rebels ride rough-shod over loyal men, is much less mild at home than when he addresses the New York public. Butter, so to speak, would not melt in his mouth in New York, but in Nashville—*Ma in Hispania!* Our correspondent writes: "Governor BROWNLOW can not surpass in fiery invective the published card of the Honorable JOHN LELLYETT in the Nashville *Banner* of a few days since, in which he says that 'every man, white or black, who votes the Radical ticket, ought to be *marked* and discountenanced, not patronized or encouraged in any thing, and that the ground he walks upon should be accursed.' His advice is being carried out literally."

What that means in a semi-rebel State every sensible man knows. The hope and purpose of Mr. JOHN LELLYETT and his "honest men of Tennessee" is to make the State too hot for the devoted and faithful friends of the Union and of equal rights. That is the issue of the August election. If Mr. JOHN LELLYETT and his friends succeed, the situation of loyal men in the State will become intolerable.

THE FATE OF MAXIMILIAN.

THE festivities in Paris, we are told, were suddenly suspended and the European Courts went into mourning when the execution of MAXIMILIAN was announced by telegraph. Some of our own papers, also, speak of the event as if it were the most unprecedented and astounding crime against civilization and humanity that had ever been committed. But if, two years ago, when JEFFERSON DAVIS was arrested, he had been summarily tried by court-martial and hung, should we have heard so much of the enormous crime of punishing him? However impolitic it may have been, could the American people have been rightfully regarded as such horrible monsters as the Mexicans are now described to be?

MAXIMILIAN, upon the invitation of a certain party to the civil war in Mexico, said that he would come if the people wanted him, but they must vote upon the subject. Presently he was told that there was no time for voting, and the conditions were not favorable. So the young Prince consented to come without the voting, went to Rome to be blessed by the Pope, and sailed for Mexico. The war continued. He was the head of the party which was endeavoring to overthrow the Government, but he did not rely upon the party but upon French soldiers. By-and-by, assuming that the war had ended, which was not true, he denounced the adherents of the Government as traitors and criminals who might be summarily tried, if taken in arms, and executed. At length the French forces were to be withdrawn, and he offered to retire with them or to leave the country. The French commander objected to his leaving unless he would formally abdicate. After some hesitation MAXIMILIAN refused, and resolved to continue to fight at the head of his party. It was a wanton and hopeless struggle that he chose. He, an Austrian, was prolonging a fruitless warfare against Mexicans. The inevitable end came. He was captured, tried by court-martial, and shot.

It is said that such a proceeding could only be justified during hostilities. But hostilities were still pending. The capital had not fallen. It was a war in which a foreigner who had caused the death of thousands of Mexicans for defending their Government was trying to destroy the Republic and plant an empire upon its ruins. Does any body suppose that he did not understand the situation, or imagined that his life would not pay the forfeit?

His execution was a mistake, and for reasons which we suggested last week. But it was not, and should not be considered, an unpardonable crime. Indeed, if the late history of Mexico had given us any authority for supposing that there was a stable government behind the forces of JUAREZ, and that the execution of MAXIMILIAN and MIRAMON were acts intended to give a final warning to Europe, the event might prove to be politic. But that can not fairly be supposed. There is not such a stable power, and if the usual anarchy of Mexican society follows the triumph of JUAREZ, the fate of MAXIMILIAN will be like that of a score of other leaders who risked their lives and fortunes in the caldron of Mexican civil war.

Our duty in the matter is plain. It is evidently not to follow the advice of Mr. JAMES BROOKS to send hordes of pirates and robbers into Mexico, but to take good care that the pirates and robbers who may be already there shall not harm any citizen or any right of the United States without strict accountability. If SANTA ANNA was forcibly taken from an American ship the Government in Mexico with which we have relations must explain. But that it is our business to regulate Mexico at our pleasure we do not understand. If that is what is meant by a Mexican policy we do not believe the country is ready for it.

NEW YORK AS A COMMERCIAL CENTRE.

THE views expressed by this journal in a recent article upon the railroad system of the United States have been readily seconded by the press and borne out by facts constantly transpiring. We have shown that the ill-success of the great majority of railroads and the paucity of earnings hitherto have been due to the fact that most of them were built in advance of the public demand; that, as the country became developed, enriched, and populated by them, they would become proportionately remunerative; that the period had already arrived when railway securities would be more eagerly sought for investment than ever before, notwithstanding the undue depreciation of the past year and the manipulations of hungry and unscrupulous speculators. The correctness of this position is already confirmed by the increasing dividends of the leading lines and the steady and healthy improvement in shares, especially where those lines are located in States densely settled. For instance, in Massachusetts the best roads are now regular 8 and 10 per cent. stocks; there are some few roads in other sections that pay equally well. When these shares are taken out of the street where brokers can no longer defile them, they will appreciate still more, while the earnings will themselves perceptibly increase.

We have also expressed the belief that the constantly changing wants and exigencies of a growing country like ours demand, and will compel, a radical change in our present railway system; that, with the completion of the grand arterial road across the continent to the Pacific, all other roads must become tributary and subservient to it—the direction of railway traffic (freights) being transverse to the water communication that cuts the country from north to south. A consolidation of railroad interests will naturally result, as well as a change in the mode of operating and running. The future requirements are already foreseen and felt; the first movement toward the new order of things is the proposed combination of leading railroads to form a great Western route under one management. The parties to the combination are the New York Central, Lake Shore, Cleveland and Toledo, Michigan Southern, and those other roads that constitute the northermost tier of transverse communication. Another rival organization is promised, to include a more southern route, and will embrace the Pennsylvania Central, Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago, etc. Their interests will not conflict; on the contrary, the commercial necessities of the country will in the course of time require one or two more routes still further south to convey the produce of the sea-board States to their western destination.

When the Pacific Railroad is completed, in 1870, all these gigantic tributaries will converge toward the main stem, like the fingers of a hand. All the immense and richly productive districts of the Atlantic and the East will contribute to supply the vital fluid that courses through them. Even the vast domain of the "New Dominion" (traversed by the long-projected "Intercolonial Railway" and tapped by an absolutely indispensable line extending through Maine from Bangor) will be induced to furnish its quota of subsistence. But the seat of the vital principle will be in the city of New York. There will the mighty beat of its palpitations be heard. Already the commercial centre of America, it will then, by its geographical position, become the commercial centre of the world. We do not assume that the Pacific Railway will supersede vessels in the carrying trade, for that would be impossible; a dozen lines of railroad could not furnish the required transportation, even if

it could carry as cheaply. But, from its closer relations and proximity to other countries, New York could command the commerce. It would be as nearly united to Asia as it has been to Europe. The distance to China, now accomplished in forty-three to forty-five days, will be shortened to thirty days. A letter will reach Hong Kong by way of San Francisco much quicker than when it went by way of Liverpool, just as our enterprise has shortened the time of our communication with Brazil. The London banker would no longer pocket the commissions and the exchange on the immense trade carried on between New York and China, as well as South America and the West Indies; but New York would become, to America at least, what London is now to the rest of the world, namely, the place on which exchange is universally drawn. Millions of dollars would thereby be saved to our merchants annually, to say nothing of the difference of time, which is as precious as money.

We have heretofore spoken of the advantages to be obtained by the operation of the Pacific Railroad in developing the treasures of California and the Rocky Mountain region, and the easy access it affords to Asiatic trade. The gains, to be sure, are for the present purely speculative, but it is easy to conjecture the results from past experience. And we are to obtain all this by an estimated outlay of $45,000,000 currency for a road 1565 miles long, while the Intercolonial Railroad of the "New Dominion" of only 480 miles is expected to cost upward of $20,000,000 in gold. It will take time to overcome the commercial and financial derangement which the late war inflicted upon the country, and to stimulate the productive interests of the several sections to their full capacity; but by the time the Pacific Railroad is completed we hope to be upon the top wave of prosperity, and to tax our new lines of intercommunication to their utmost limit.

IMPEACHMENT POSTPONED.

THE Impeachment question is disposed of for the present. The gentlemen most bent upon impeaching the President learn very slowly that the public sentiment of the country is not to be driven, and however easy it may seem to move a warm party majority, it is very necessary to consider the great opinion of the constituency behind it. This seems to us to have been the constant mistake of the impeachers. That the President is a misfortune every body agrees. That he has done extraordinary acts is beyond question. That his policy would have imperiled the country, and that he does not love Congress, may be taken for granted. But that, with a Congress heartily supported by the people and amply able to secure its purpose, it is expedient to try the new and uncertain experiment of impeachment has never been the mature opinion of the people.

This, we do not believe, was from any fear of the ordeal, but from the conviction that it was unnecessary. Had the President seriously and mischievously withstood the will of Congress after it was once plainly manifested, and had he displayed an intention to try conclusions, the House would have impeached him, and public opinion would have supported the action. Fortunately for himself he has not ventured to do it; and the project of impeachment is therefore felt to be impolitic, while there is not the least relaxation of the national purpose.

Unless the President shall now do something which shows his intention to defeat by perilous means the intention of Congress in the Reconstruction bill, we presume that we shall hear no more of impeachment. But just so surely as he strives to thwart the operation of a law which, whether he likes it or not, is the law of the land, will he and the country again hear the cry of impeachment. We hope for the peace of the country and for his own comfort that he will execute the laws in their own spirit.

THE SHEFFIELD MURDERS.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES, a member of Parliament, and known in literature as the author of "Tom Brown" at Rugby and Oxford, has written a letter to the New York *Tribune* upon the late revelations in regard to the Trades' Unions in the city of Sheffield. Sheffield has always had a bad name, and it now appears that one of the leaders in one of the societies, the man to whom its funds were intrusted, has been in the habit of paying them out for the purpose of assassinating persons obnoxious to the Union. The disclosure of this atrocity naturally excites profound horror and indignation in England. The reason of this is not merely that murder has been committed, but that the crime proceeds from the constantly more bitter struggle between capital and labor; and no man feels safe under such circumstances in a country where the rich are becoming richer and fewer and the poor poorer and more numerous.

MR. HUGHES thinks that Parliament will do nothing before next year, when the report of the commission which is investigating the whole subject will be presented. The fear, in his judgment, is a return to sharp penal legislation against Trades' Unions. Should it be adopted, he thinks it must inevitably lead to revolution or depopulation. He says that from the time of EDWARD I. down to the year 1825 there were some twenty penal statutes against trade combinations. In that year these laws were repealed, the Trades' Unions legalized and brought into daylight, and the real evil of them has been steadily dying out ever since. If left to themselves, he thinks they would disappear under the pressure of the co-operative system.

The evil is one which is encountered in every dense population. In the cities of this State, for instance, the observer will see a constantly increasing number of idle boys. The managers of juvenile retreats remark the same thing within the range of their institutions. The explanation is the combination of workmen prescribing the number of apprentices or hands which an employer may engage. The penalty of transcending the dictated number is the withdrawal of the combined workmen. This difficulty will not diminish so long as the country is prosperous. It will increase and must be provided for. The men who combine are not thinking men. They earn their wages by hard labor, and they know that the more the hands the less the work. Upon that principle they act, nor is it surprising that they do so. But a very little reasoning would show them that the interest of working-men, as of all society, is one. It is not a divided interest. Unless the whole is prosperous no part is permanently prosperous; and the true policy for all, therefore, is not to multiply non-producers, which is the inevitable tendency of such combinations, but to form partnerships of labor.

We have time to reflect upon such questions as these and to act wisely. England can hardly meet them with proper presence of mind, for they are already angry and menacing. Let us at least learn from the experience of other nations, and not insist upon waiting until we are in their condition before bethinking ourselves of a remedy.

THANKS TO THE DISTRICT COMMANDERS.

THE object of the resolution offering the thanks of Congress to the Commanding Generals in the Districts created by the Reconstruction Bill is plain. Senator GRIMES objected that it was foolish to thank officers for doing their duty, and if that had been a statement of the whole case his objection would have been conclusive. But it was not the whole case. The occasion of the present session is the evident intention of the President to thwart the will of Congress as interpreted by General SHERIDAN, for instance, in the removal of certain civil officers. Congress, resolving that there shall be no excuse for misunderstanding its intention in the Reconstruction Bill, assembles to define it, and simultaneously, by thanking General SHERIDAN, to declare that his interpretation, which the Attorney-General had stated to be incorrect, was the true interpretation.

The Generals are thanked, not for their own sakes, but for the purpose of emphasizing the support of Congress. It is a very grateful thing for a General in the position in which the District Commanders have been placed to have the distinct assurance of Congress that their action is approved. Whenever a similar situation shall arise in the case of any Territorial Governor—an instance to which Mr. GRIMES alluded—we shall be very glad if similar action is taken.

AMERICA AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

NOTWITHSTANDING the unattractive and meagre display which the United States made at the Paris Industrial Exposition, it appears that in proportion to the number of articles exhibited she has drawn a larger number of first prizes than any other nation; and the greater proportion of the prizes awarded have been on articles of universal utility and importance. A Kentuckian received the reward for the best "harness for the lightning;" a New Jersey firm for "the most complete, rapid, and durable iron-horse;" one Yankee was rewarded for inventing the "best mower;" and another for building the "best reaper." America furnished not only the best sewing-machine, but the most complete ambulance for practical use on the actual field of battle, and carried off from a thoroughly musical people two prizes for pianos.

THE NICHOLSON PAVEMENT.

A FRIEND in Chicago who knows the difficulties of the pavement question, and who also knows that New York is perplexed by them, writes of the Nicholson pavement that when laid it is as durable as any pavement they have in Chicago, although less so than some that we have in New York. But it makes up in comfort to animals, cleanliness, freedom from excessive noise, and dust, and in every satisfactory quality of a good pavement, what it may lack in mere durability. When well laid, says our friend, it is good for ten or fifteen years under very heavy and frequent travel, and under such circumstances it has been already tested. Dr. JACKSON of Boston, Dr. BLANEY of Chicago, an eminent chemist, and Professor BECK of Cincinnati, are of opinion that it is one of the healthiest pavements in use.

If it is to be tried here in New York let us give it a fair trial, and be very grateful if it serves us well.

IMPURITY IN THE YOUNG.

THERE is a greater prevalence of unchaste practices and habits among the young than is commonly supposed. Of this physicians often discover the most painful evidences, not merely those which come fully to the light, which belong to comparatively few cases, but such as are incidentally and rather obscurely revealed in very many cases that come under their notice. For every one whose health is utterly ruined by self-abuse there are very many who are suffering from it in all degrees short of this. The injury inflicted is both moral and physical, secretly undermining the foundations alike of principle and self-control and of health and physical energy.

It becomes then a serious question for parents and teachers how this evil may be prevented, and we propose to offer to them some suggestions in regard to this.

The ground is taken by many that the difficulty must be met only indirectly, and that no direct notice should be taken of it so far as prevention is concerned. It is supposed by those who advocate this course that there is in most cases a pure mind, wholly ignorant of the evil, and that no knowledge of it therefore had better be communicated. We do not believe in this. We allow that most of the means must be indirect. We allow, also, that it is rather a delicate and difficult task to deal with the evil directly. And yet so rife is it, so very general is the knowledge of it to a greater or less degree, and so pressing and numerous are the temptations that threaten to draw the young into it, that something of direct instruction and warning is requisite. The subject should be plainly dealt with, especially where there is the least reason to suspect that the evil exists in any measure. Even before there is any ground for such suspicion, the relations of the sexes may be discreetly treated of in conversation with more or less reference to the sin and evils of unchastity. There is a little book written by the late Dr. WARE of Boston, which is an admirable example of the manner in which this subject should be treated in conversation, and it is a very appropriate book to be put into the hands of any young person of either sex. It is published by A. WILLIAMS & Co., Boston, and is entitled, "Hints to Young Men on the True Relation of the Sexes."

There are some sources of temptation to impurity against which the young should be particularly warned. One of these is the influence of impure companions. Many a pure-minded boy is *taught* unchaste practices when he never would himself have thought of them. Such practices are sometimes made almost general in a school by the influence, the teaching, as we may call it, of the wicked few. Especially is this apt to occur in boarding-schools.

Another source of temptation much more common than is suspected by most parents and teachers is obscene books. Some of these are exceedingly corrupting. The poison of unchastity is introduced in this way most effectually. The mind of the victim is filled with the most impure imaginations, and the animal propensities are kindled into a flame of excitement. So dire is this evil that the publishers and circulators of such books, whenever they can be discovered, ought to be visited with very severe penalties. No moderate fine, no short imprisonment is enough for such a crime.

As to indirect means of prevention, much, very much, may be done by pre-engaging the mind and senses with agreeable occupation. There is a love of excitement in the young which must not be ignored, but must be provided for and regulated. But education as now conducted does not adequately provide for it. Rather does it provide against it, for it is needlessly dull, dry, and hard. Every subject that is studied is stripped of its interest by a predominance of dry details, or a memorizing of words and forms of expression that are understood partially or not at all. The natural love of excitement, therefore, as soon as there is escape from the tedious and dull task of the school-room, seeks gratification, not always in stories and novels, but often in something worse, in whatever corrupting influences may offer. Let education cease to be a dry skeleton, and let it have a living body with a living soul, and it will meet the wants and desires, and be a prominent means of preventing vicious indulgence. Above all, let not the pupil when he enters the school-room be shut in by a prison-like seclusion from all the beautiful world that is around him. If natural science interests more minds than any other study—if it is peculiarly fitted for the young—if it furnishes constant material in familiar things around for thought—if by its connections with other studies it will give an interest to them which they can not otherwise have—and if it employs the senses both largely and agreeably, and therefore satisfies the love of excitement, so far as that is nervous and bodily, as well as mental, then it is clear that this study is one of the best means of guarding against undue sensual gratifications. We may add also, that it has a tendency to elevate the moral sentiments, and impart a reverence and love for the source of all purity and beauty and joy.

For the same reason there should be adequate provision for the amusement of the young. This should not be left, as it too often is, to haphazard. It should be as much calculated for as study and employment are, and less of it should be left to be sought for outside of the family circle than is ordinarily the case. Home should be the chief place of amusement.

Of course one of the principal means of prevention is the moral and religious influence continuously exerted in the family, ever fortifying in principle, and inducing a habit of supreme regard to what is good and reasonable, while it keeps in subjection mere animal propensities and passions.

We can not dismiss this subject without protesting against the little impurities of conversation which are so often indulged in even in respectable circles. A loose word, bordering on impurity, carelessly dropped, may be the beginning of an unchastity in some young person that hears it, which may end only in his utter ruin both moral and physical.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE FORTIETH CONGRESS.

MR. STEVENS'S additional reconstruction bill was passed by the House on July 9, and sent to the Senate. Here a bill introduced by Mr. Trumbull was under discussion. Amendments to it allowing Commanding Generals to appoint civilians to office, and excluding from office all who held executive or public office in any rebellious State, were adopted on July 10. The bill was finally adopted as a substitute for the House bill on July 11. This was carried to the House the same day and referred to the Reconstruction Committee. On July 12 the Committee referred the bill back with amendments, which were adopted by the House, and the bill returned to the Senate. The Senate disagreed to the amendments, and a Committee of Conference was the result. This Committee reported promptly on July 13. The bill was passed by both Houses and sent to the President the same day. The House subsequently appropriated $1,648,777 for reconstruction purposes; the Senate amended it by substituting $1,000,000, and the House agreed.

The House appointed a committee of five to investigate the treatment of Union prisoners by the rebels.

The House, on July 15, instructed the Judiciary Committee to inquire if Kentucky, Maryland, and Delaware have Republican forms of Government.

SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

General Daniel E. Sickles, on July 5, addressed a letter to Senator Trumbull on the registration question, in which he makes the suggestion that the true solution of the reconstruction problem is universal suffrage and a general amnesty. His language is as follows: "Now it seems to me that the true conservative guarantee against reaction is in the addition made to the loyal vote by the enfranchisement of the colored people. That being done, the occasion for the disqualification clause ceases. Hence the true solution, I believe, is to declare with universal suffrage a general amnesty, naming the exceptions. A more liberal amnesty is, in my judgment, essential to the success of the Congressional plan of reconstruction."

The probabilities are that a majority of the voters in the coming Virginia elections will be negroes.

General Wager Swayne, in a private letter, expresses the opinion that the negroes of Alabama will elect a majority of the Convention shortly to assemble.

A colored man named Gee was sentenced to be hung at Marion, South Carolina, on July 19. He was a guide to a party of escaped Union soldiers about two years ago. While with these soldiers a rebel citizen of South Carolina was shot by one of the party by the name of Ganby. Gee was condemned as an accomplice to the murder.

THE INDIAN WAR.

On page 468 of this issue will be found several illustrations and facts relative to the progress of the Indian war in Kansas and Colorado. After the matter there given was put in type we received from Major A. R. Calhoun the following list of the soldiers killed and wounded in the battle near Fort Wallace on June 26: The killed were Sergeant Frederick Wyllyams; Bugler Charles Clark; Corporals James Douglass and James K. Ludlow; and Privates Nathan Trail, Frank Rahme, all of Company G, and Welsh, Company E. Among the wounded were Corporal George Rivers, Company I, slightly and Privates Peter Britton, Company G, severely; J. G. Hummell, Company G, severely; Hugh Riley, Company I, severely; John Townley, Company I, severely; Robert Wilson and Charles North, Company E, both slightly.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE act of the Mexicans in shooting Maximilian was denounced in strong terms by Earl Derby in the British House of Lords on July 9.

Having effected the consolidation of the North German States, King William of Prussia has turned his attention to those of South Germany; and a conference between himself and the reigning Kings and Grand-Dukes of Bavaria, Würtemberg, Baden, Hesse-Darmstadt, Reuss-Greitz, Lichtenstein, and Limburg, has been arranged to take place at an early day. The extension of the alliance now existing in North Germany to these states will give Prussia control of a population of 37,110,358 souls, and command of an army numbering on the war footing 812,357 men, or the equal in population and soldiers to France, and considerably greater in both respects to Austria. The announcement of this conference had attracted some attention in France, but had elicited from Napoleon's Minister of State only the remark that "German Unity is a matter of indifference to France."

General Prim has attempted to revive the rebellion against Spain which he started last year, but which was soon suppressed, and for which attempt he was exiled. He landed in the province of Catalonia early in July, but nothing had been heard of his subsequent movements up to July 15. A conspiracy to assassinate Queen Isabella, in which over two thousand persons were involved, was subsequently discovered, and large numbers arrested.

The latest and most interesting development of the revolution in Austria is the making, on July 11, the Emperor's Cabinet responsible to Parliament. This and the restoration of her Constitution to Hungary are important steps toward republicanism in Europe.

General Santo Acosta, who forcibly deposed President Mosquera, of Colombia, on May 23 (not June 9, as formerly stated), was formally inaugurated as President on the same day.

Napoleon has ordered a fleet to Vera Cruz to look after the French Minister to the Mexican Empire.

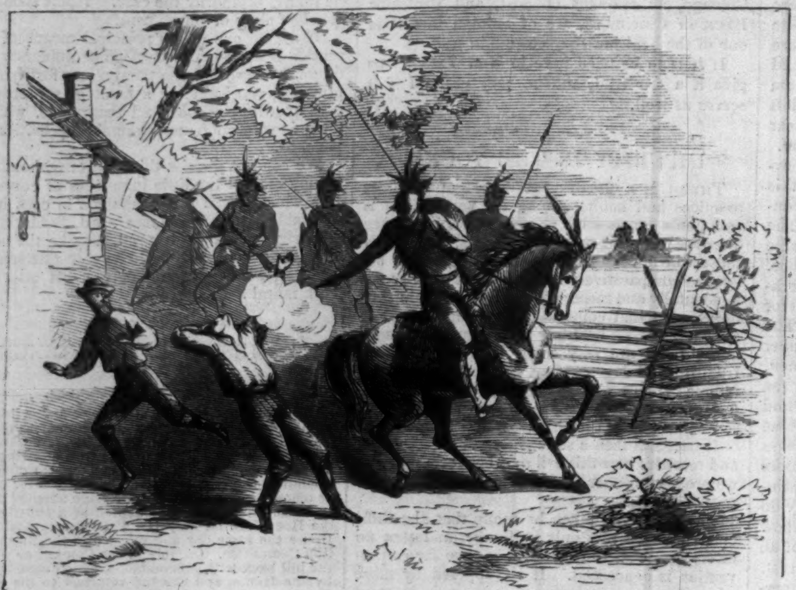
Austria has sent Admiral Tegethoff to Mexico after Maximilian's body.

It has long been known that Garibaldi was planning another expedition against Rome. He lately issued a manifesto, in which he declared that his sons and friends will fight for the liberty of Rome.

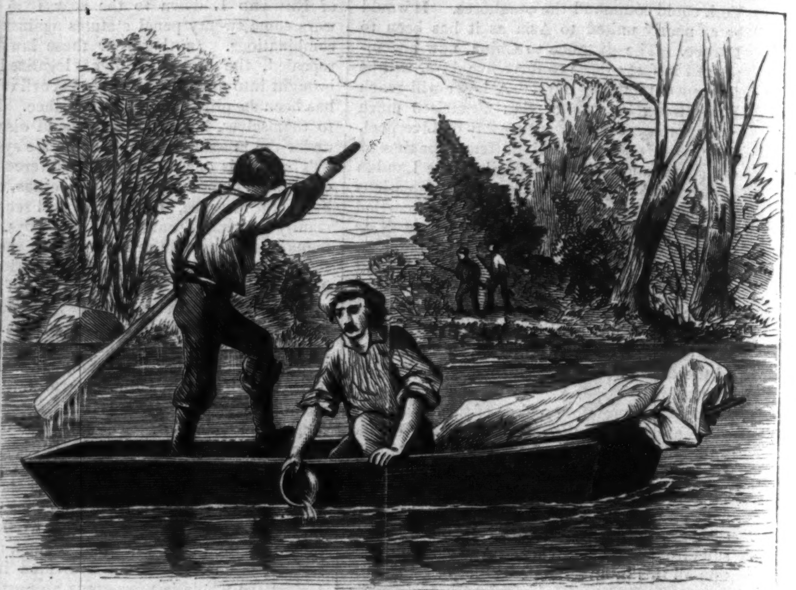
Berezowski, who attempted to kill the Czar of Russia, has been sentenced to imprisonment for life.

It is believed that one of the objects of the Council of the Catholic Church is to declare the infallibility of the Pope when acting on his own responsibility.

When the new King of Egypt was in Paris he was waited on by a deputation from the French Committee of Emigration and his attention was called to the Nile slave-trade. The King's minister, in reply, said stringent measures had been adopted to prevent it, the King's subjects engaging in it were severely punished, but the trade was almost entirely conducted by Europeans under European flags and he was powerless to suppress it, though earnestly desiring to do so.



ATTACK OF THE INDIANS ON CARLEY AND DOHERTY.—[SKETCHED BY PHIL D. FISHER.]

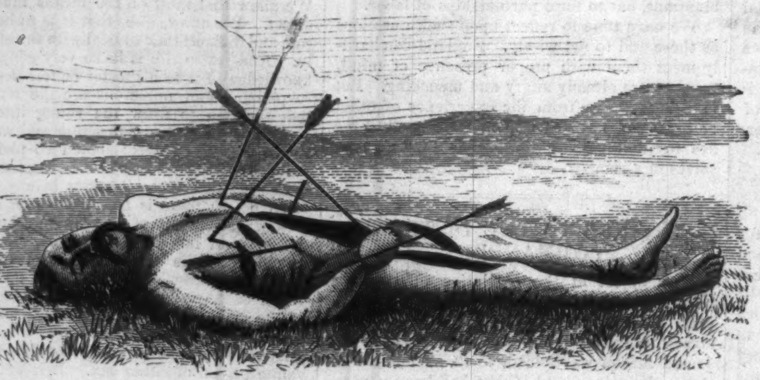


REMOVING CARLEY'S BODY TO ELLSWORTH.—[SKETCHED BY PHIL D. FISHER.]

LATE INDIAN OUTRAGES.

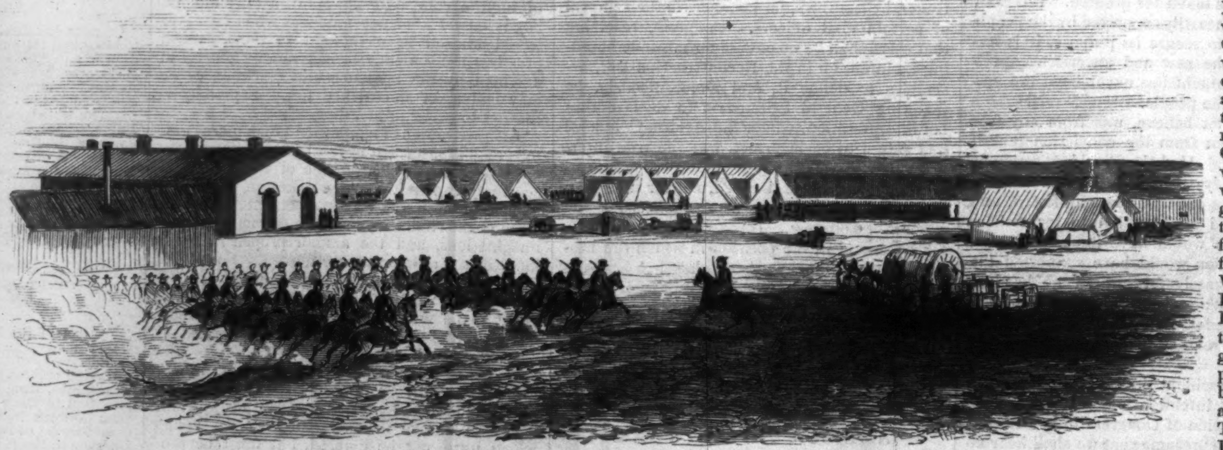
THE war on the "Smoky Hill Route" through Kansas continues with great fury. On the 26th of June last a band of three hundred Cheyennes, under a chief called "Roman Nose," attacked a station two miles from Fort Wallace, and ran off the Overland Stage Company's stock. They then advanced toward the fort, when Company G of the Seventh United States Cavalry, under command of Captain BARNITZ, went out to meet them. The Indians fell back to the brow of a hill two miles from the fort, then turned and awaited the attack. The cavalry charged at a gallop, and were met by a counter charge. The Indians, with lances poised and arrows on the string, rode at them with great speed, and a hand-to-hand fight followed, in which the savages displayed unlooked-for daring. With their overwhelming numbers they succeeded in driving the cavalry back to the fort, with a loss of seven men killed, several wounded, and half the horses captured or killed. "Roman Nose" was very conspicuous in the fight, dashing into the midst of the fray on his powerful gray horse. He carried a spear, with which he unhorsed a soldier, and was about to spear him as he lay on the ground, when Corporal HARRIS struck the savage with his sword, which he had in his left hand. "Roman Nose" turned upon him, but as he did so HARRIS placed the muzzle of the Spencer rifle which he carried in his right hand at the breast of the savage and fired. With the blood spouting from his wound the Indian fell forward on his horse.

The Indians committed unheard of atrocities. A powerful warrior was seen to pick up the bugler, CHARLES CLARK, who had been pierced by three arrows, and strip him as he rode along; after taking off all his clothing he mashed the head to a jelly with his tomahawk, and then threw the body under his horse's feet. The body of Sergeant FREDERICK WYLLYAMS was also fearfully mutilated. His scalp was taken, two balls pierced his brain, and his right brow was cut open with a hatchet. His nose was severed and his throat gashed. The body was opened and the heart laid bare. The legs were cut to the bone, and the arms hacked with knives. We give an engraving of the body from a photograph. We also give an illustration of the fight and a view of Fort Wallace, near which the engagement occurred. They are from sketches by Major A. R. CALHOUN and Dr. BELL, who are associated with General WRIGHT, now *en route* to make surveys in New Mexico, Arizona, and California for the Union Pacific Railroad. Major CALHOUN describes Fort Wallace as being beautifully located on the North Fork of the Smoky River. Buildings are being erected of a beautiful pink-colored magnesian limestone, which can be cut with a saw and plane, and hardens on exposure.

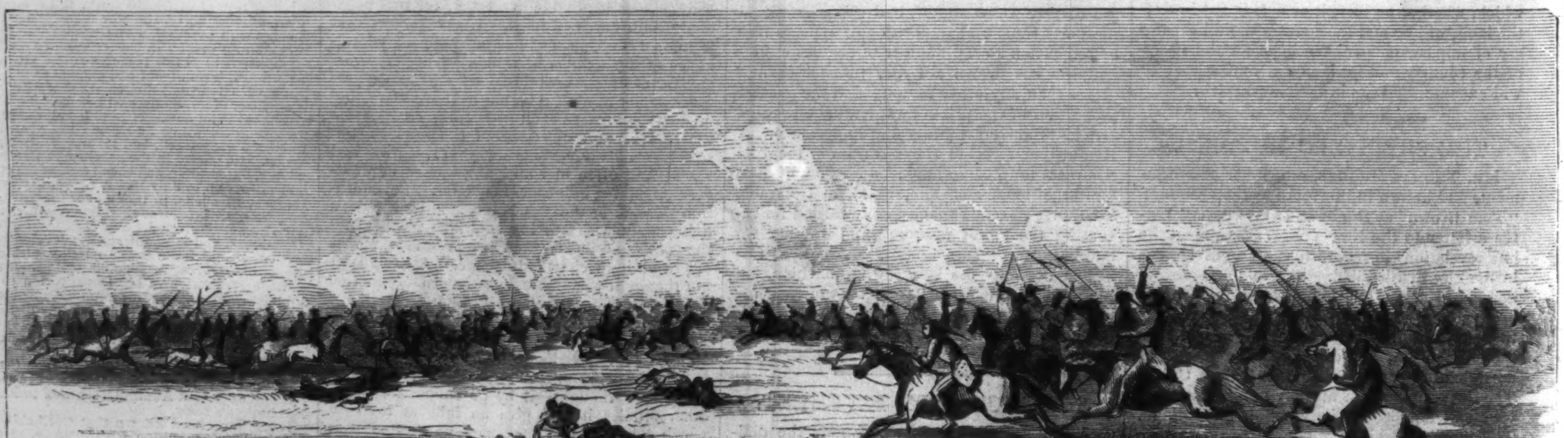


BODY OF SERGEANT WYLLYAMS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY MAJOR CALHOUN AND DR. BELL.]

Our other illustrations refer to an outrage perpetrated on Plum Creek, 14 miles west of Fort Harker, on June 16, in which two men named CARLEY and DOHERTY were attacked. A band of Indians approached and shook hands with them, and the next moment fired upon them. CARLEY was mortally wounded, but managed, with DOHERTY'S aid, to get into the hut, where they fought the Indians for some hours, and finally drove them off. When they were gone DOHERTY swam Smoky Hill River, and going to the town of Ellsworth, gave the alarm. A party was sent in a boat to CARLEY'S assistance, but he was dead. The body was taken to Ellsworth, and there buried.



FORT WALLACE, KANSAS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY MAJOR CALHOUN AND DR. BELL.]



DESPERATE BATTLE BETWEEN THE CHEYENNES AND COMPANY G SEVENTH U. S. CAVALRY NEAR FORT WALLACE, JUNE 26, 1867.

A JUVENILE GAME OF CROQUET.—[Drawn by Frank Bellew.]

FOUNTAIN ERECTED IN UNION SQUARE.—Sketched by Stanley Fox.—[See Page 473.]

A JUVENILE STORY, ILLUSTRATED.

Diamond editions, as a general rule, are objectionable; publishers either have to furnish magnifying glasses to prevent, or treatises on the "Diseases of the Eye" to restore, the endangered optics of the deluded purchasers; but we have (and every well-regulated family ought to have), a copy of a little volume, diamond size and bound in blue and gold, which is not open to these objections, but which, on the contrary it does one's eyes good to look at. The title of the little work is "Nelly," but we call it by all kinds of names, such as "Blossôm," and "Beauty," and "Birdie," and "Darling," and "Ou little toad," and every other endearing name which affection suggests.

The other day, while leaning over the fence at

"HAPPINESS IN THE DESERT."—From a Painting in Water Colors by Carl Haag.—[See First Page.]

the end of our garden, we read the following words in our blue and gold volume (blue in the eyes and golden in hair). "Now I'm doin to to-kay ou." Most of the good things in this work are in a strange language, understood only by two or three persons; the passage just quoted means, when translated, "Now I'm going to croquet you." There is nothing very startling in the words, to be sure, but in the original they were illustrated with such a beautiful picture that we at once tried to copy both for the benefit of those who read the *Weekly* and love the children. No doubt the blundering artist, backed by the heavy-fisted engraver and the soulless printer, will convey to our readers but a sorry idea of the original work, but if the considerate readers will allow a heavy discount for each and all of these middle-men who stand between him and the first producer, Nature, they may trace some resemblance between ours and a little volume of their own, and form some idea of the illustration of our juvenile story which they will find on the preceding page.

WHAT ARE WOMAN'S RIGHTS?

THE right to wake when others sleep;
The right to watch, the right to weep;
The right to comfort in distress;
The right to soothe, the right to bless;
The right the widow's heart to cheer;
The right to dry the orphan's tear.
The right to feed and clothe the poor,
The right to teach them to endure,
The right, when other friends have flown
And left the sufferer all alone,
To kneel that dying couch beside
And meekly point to Him who died,
The right a happy home to make
In any clime for Jesus' sake:
Rights such as these are all we crave
Until our last—a peaceful grave.

MABEL'S PROGRESS.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

Book III.

CHAPTER V.

AT HAZLEHURST AGAIN.

THE cottage at Hazlehurst was beginning to look bright and pretty, with its orchard trees full of blossom, and the climbing white roses on the house all coming out into bloom, when, one morning toward the end of May, a basket-carriage, drawn by a pair of showy little ponies, appeared before the garden gate of Mrs. Saxelby's dwelling.

The vigilant Betty, whose ears had been attracted by the sound of wheels, announced to her mistress that there was a "wicker-work shay" at the door, and that a lady had alighted from it and was coming up the garden toward the house.

The lady was Miss Penelope Charlewood. She trod so close on Betty's heels that the latter had scarcely finished her announcement before Miss Charlewood tapped at the sitting-room door and requested permission to enter. She was dressed in a plain morning suit of brown holland, and wore a straw-hat and a pair of driving-gloves.

"How d'ye do, Mrs. Saxelby? May I come in?"

Mrs. Saxelby was sitting with an open book before her and her netting in her hand. She looked up at her visitor with a little start and a flush of surprise.

"Oh pray come in, Miss Charlewood. I am very glad to see you."

"Well, that's more than I deserve, for it is an age since I have been over to Hazlehurst."

"It is more than three weeks certainly; but you and Clement are the only members of your family who ever do come to see me now, and I have not so many friends that I can afford to quarrel with those who remain to me."

"You mustn't be angry with mamma, Mrs. Saxelby. It isn't because she doesn't like you as much as ever that she hasn't been out here for so long. But the fact is, she is very much disinclined to go any where, and latterly she has been compelled to a good deal of exertion—for *her*—on Augusta's account. I'll tell you all about it by-and-by."

"Oh, I'm not angry with Mrs. Charlewood."

"No. You're never angry with any body. That is the only vice you have, I believe. But it's a very serious one, let me tell you. People ought to be angry sometimes."

"Shall I begin to practice upon you?" asked Mrs. Saxelby, with a faint smile.

"No; don't do that, for I've come on purpose to ask you and Dooley to take a drive with me this lovely morning. It will do you good. Where *is* Dooley? Mrs. Saxelby, I adore that child for smacking Miss Fluke's face."

"Did you hear of it?"

"Hear of it? Of course I heard of it. Miss Fluke tells every body. It was lovely of him; lovely. Think of the heroism of that shrimp of a creature doing battle against Miss Fluke's twelve stone! Mind against matter, wasn't it?"

Mrs. Saxelby shook her head with a deprecating air and left the room to dress herself for the drive and to send for Dooley out of the kitchen garden, where he was watching the operations of the man who acted as gardener, and driving that somewhat slow-witted individual into great difficulties by his searching questions as to what made the cabbages grow?

Miss Charlewood sat by herself in the little parlor for some five minutes; during which time her thoughts went back to the last day of the music meeting, and the accident to little Corda, with which such a number of subsequent circumstances appeared to be linked. It was from that day that she dated her own perception of Clement's growing fondness for Mabel.

"How many things have happened since then!" thought Miss Charlewood; "and it is not yet a year ago!"

She had learned from her brother that Mabel had rejected him. In answer to some little stinging speech, such as Penelope was wont to utter about friend and foe alike, Clement had told her gravely that neither she nor any of his family need be distressed on the score of a contemplated alliance with such poor people as Mr. Saxelby's widow and step-daughter for Miss Earnshaw had refused him. Perhaps Clement would not have made this confidence had he not been irritated by his sister's sneer; after he had made it he walked away in silence, and plainly showed that he thenceforth should decline to discuss the subject. Although, as we know, Penelope had used her shrewd knowledge of Mabel Earnshaw's character to awaken her pride and bring about this very result, and although she had even confidently told her father that such a result would inevitably be brought about if she were permitted to manage the matter in her own fashion, yet her first feeling on receiving Clement's confession was one of great resentment against Mabel.

Refuse Clement! Refuse her dear, good, clever brother Clement! What was the girl dreaming of?

"It turns out luckily, of course; but it's quite outrageous of Mabel, all the same!" exclaimed Miss Charlewood, mentally. But by-and-by she got over that feeling in a great measure. Penelope Charlewood was too clear-headed and clever not to perceive the utter unreasonableness of any such resentment, and her combativeness was presently aroused on behalf of the absent Mabel, by Augusta's frequent attacks upon her former dear friend, until at last Penelope came to be looked upon in the family as the recognized champion of Mrs. Saxelby and her daughter.

"Mabel Earnshaw has refused Clem, papa, so you need not feel any more anxiety about that matter," Miss Charlewood had said to her father.

"Is it possible your brother was such a fool as to ask her to marry him? Good Heavens! what an escape he has had—what an escape we have all had! However, after the step that misguided girl has taken, with the concurrence, too, of her weak mother, of course Clement is entirely cured of his folly."

"Humph!" said Miss Charlewood.

But after that time she did go once or twice to Hazlehurst to see the widow. The first time she told Clement carelessly of her having done so she was rewarded by the kindest smile she had seen on his face for many a day (for Clement had grown very grave and stern), and by a warm pressure of his hand. "I only go out of aggravation," exclaimed Penny, "and to assert my right of private judgment. I don't choose to let Augusta and Miss Fluke talk me down on any subject whatever."

Nevertheless her brother's smile had been very sweet to her; and as we all know how soon any one becomes endeared to us toward whom we have performed a kind action, Penelope began thenceforward to grow quite fond of Mrs. Saxelby, and to take her and Dooley completely under her wing.

"I'm yeady," cried Dooley, appearing at the sitting-room door. "I saw de ponies. I like 'em. May I dive?"

"We'll see about that, Dooley. Are you ready, Mrs. Saxelby? Please to get in that side. Betty, get a foot-stool for Master Julian to sit on in front of us. That's it. You can go home now, Jackson. Mr. Clement will meet me and drive me back. Give them their heads. Go along, Jack and Jill, like a pair of beauties as you are."

And the spirited little beasts rattled off briskly with their light load. "You're not afraid to trust yourself with me, Mrs. Saxelby? I'm a pretty fair whip, and the ponies are perfectly steady."

"Oh no, I'm not at all afraid on the country roads. I—I don't much like a lady's driving in town."

"I thought it would be so much nicer to get rid of the servant. One can't talk with a groom's ear within three inches of your head. So I brought this little trap and the ponies, which I can manage by myself."

"It is very pleasant, indeed," said Mrs. Saxelby, leaning back in the carriage.

The day was delicious, the country all bursting into fresh green, and the rapid, easy motion of the vehicle was exhilarating. A delicate color came into Mrs. Saxelby's pale cheek, and her eyes grew bright under these combined pleasant influences.

"I have some news to give you, Mrs. Saxelby," said Penelope, when they had proceeded a little distance.

"Some news?"

"Yes. Augusta is going to be married."

"Really? I am very glad to hear it, and I hope she will be happy."

"Oh, I dare say she will be as happy as one can expect!" rejoined Penelope, rubbing the handle of the driving-whip across her chin, with a little air of vexation. "There will always be troubles, of course. Somebody is sure to have a handsomer gown than she has, or a newer-fashioned bonnet. These things must happen sometimes."

"Do you like your future brother-in-law?"

"No, I don't. But that's of very little consequence. He has good points. I think he won't make Gussy a bad husband, because her peculiarities won't worry him as they would some men. He's as placid as a sheep—and nearly as silly. But he comes of a good family, and is a gentleman in his ways, and will have plenty of money some day."

"I suppose he does not belong to Hammerham?"

"No; his family are Irish people."

"Irish?"

"Yes; all beginning with capital O's for generations back. Which is an unspeakable comfort. His name is Dawson. The Reverend Malachi Dawson."

"A clergyman?"

"To be sure. Augusta would never have married any but a parson. And he's horribly low church too, which I detest. He has just got a living in the neighborhood of Eastfield. A charming house and grounds, I believe. And the marriage is to take place soon. The day is not fixed, but I believe it will be at the beginning of July."

There was a little pause and then Julian observed in an abstracted manner, and as a general proposition not especially applicable to the present circumstances, that "Dack and Dill" were "pitty," and that he was not "fightened of 'em."

"That means that you want to drive; eh, Dooley?" said Miss Charlewood.

"'Es," answered Dooley, honestly.

"Oh, pray be careful, don't give him the reins!" cried his mother.

"Never fear, Mrs. Saxelby. Dooley shall stand here at my knee, and he shall hold one bit of the reins, and I'll hold the other, and we'll drive together. So."

This arrangement, though not quite up to the height of that ideal happiness, driving the ponies "all by himself," was yet very delightful to Dooley, who wisely made the best of the circumstances.

"You can understand, Mrs. Saxelby, that mamma has been a good deal occupied, when I tell you that, besides Mr. Dawson, we have had his mother and cousin staying at the manor for the last fortnight."

"Indeed?"

Yes; and we have had to go about with them a good deal. The cousin, Miss O'Brien, is a great horsewoman—like most Irish women, I believe—and Clem has been her cavalier, and shown her the neighborhood."

"Indeed?"

Mrs. Saxelby's voice was the least bit constrained, and she drew her shawl round her shoulders with a suppressed sigh.

"You're not cold, Mrs. Saxelby?"

"No, not cold. But I believe there *is* a touch of east in the wind; and a cloud passed across the sun; and—and—it is not quite as pleasant as it was."

"We will turn and take the Higsworth Park road home, if you like. Steady, Jill, steady, pet; that's it, go along, beauties."

"Do 'long booties!" echoed Dooley.

"What was I saying? Oh yes. About Miss O'Brien. She is charmed with the rides and drives about here; and she told me, with her piquant little taste of a brogue, that she was quite astonished to find any thing fresh and green within twenty miles of Hammerham; for that she had imagined it to be darkened with a perpetual cloud of smoke, and surrounded by a sort of wizard's circle of cinders for miles and miles."

"Is she—I suppose—she is handsome?"

"She is an exceedingly fine girl, and better than handsome. I think she has the brightest and most expressive face I ever saw, and she is as clever as she can be. I wish her cousin Malachi had half her brains! Clement is delighted to find that she will listen to his holding forth on his pet hobby—Gandry and Charlewood, and all their wonderful enterprises in the four quarters of the globe—for any length of time. And what's more, she remembers what he tells her. She astonished papa at dinner yesterday, by correcting him about the number of miles already laid down of the new South American Railway."

"She must be very clever," said Mrs. Saxelby, faintly.

"She is. She really is. But, entre nous, I'm not sure that her memory would have been *quite* so accurate, if the information had been imparted by papa instead of Clem. However, that's no business of ours, is it?"

"Oh no," rejoined Mrs. Saxelby, in a queer little voice that didn't seem to belong to her; and then she relapsed into a silence that was unbroken by either until they came within sight of the widow's cottage at Hazlehurst.

"Dere's Mr. Tarlewood!" shouted Dooley. "Mr. Tarlewood, I've been diving!"

"You'll dive again, head-foremost out of the carriage, if you don't keep still, Dooley," said Penelope. "Now, see here. For just this last little bit, I'll give you the reins into your own hands, all by yourself. Hold them very steady. Now, bring us up to the gate in style."

Clement Charlewood was waiting at the little garden gate, and came forward to help his sister and Mrs. Saxelby out of the carriage.

"I hope you have had a pleasant drive, Mrs. Saxelby," said Clement.

He had lifted out Dooley in his arms, and was stroking the little fellow's curls from his forehead as he held him. Something came up into Mrs. Saxelby's throat and gave her a choking sensation that made her eyes fill with tears.

"Thank you; a charming drive. I—I hear—dear me, I don't know what this can be in my throat—I hear that I have to congratulate Augusta."

"Thank you. Yes, we are to lose her very soon; but my mother will have her comparatively near at hand, after all. It is scarcely like a separation."

"Mrs. Charlewood is fortunate. I have to be parted from my Mabel, and without the comfort of confiding her to a husband's protecting love."

Mrs. Saxelby let her tears brim over and run down her cheeks, without saying any thing more of the choking sensation in her throat.

Dooley struggled down out of Clement's arms, and, running to his mother, took her hand.

"Tibby will tum back, mamma," said he, manfully. "I *soor* s'e will tum back. 'Cos Tibby said so."

"Good-by, Mrs. Saxelby," said Penelope. "I won't get out, thank you; we must be driving homeward. If you'll let me, I will come again before long, and give Dooley another lesson in driving."

Penelope did not appear to see Mrs. Saxelby's tears. She never required any softness of sympathy from others, and never expressed any to others. But perhaps her feigned unconsciousness was real kindness.

The widow stood inside the garden gate and watched the vehicle as it rolled swiftly away along the level road. Then she went into her little sitting-room—which somehow looked very poor and threadbare to her eyes under the bright sunlight—and, taking Dooley on her knee, held the child's soft cheek to her breast, and cried until his yellow curls were all wet and matted with her tears. The loving, docile little fellow sat very still, with his arms round his mother's neck, only offering from time to time his great comfort and panacea for all ills:

"Tibby will tum back, mamma; I *soor* Tibby will tum back."

CHAPTER VI.

MACBETH AT KILCLARE.

MONDAY night came; the first night of the season at Kilclare. The establishment of Mrs. Bridget Bonny was in a flutter of expectation and excitement. On the first night of the season Teddy Molloy, Biddy's step-son, always gave his two apprentices leave to go to the play, and he and his wife usually went into the pit themselves; in fact, the whole household turned out, with the exception of old Joe Bonny and the foreman: who was a Methodist, and held theatres to be sinful. The performance commenced at seven, so Mrs. Walton and Mabel set off for the theatre at a little before six, preceded by Pat Doyle, the washer-woman's son, who was engaged to carry a basket containing their stage dresses to and from the theatre every evening for the weekly stipend of one shilling.

Mabel had no more onerous task to perform on this first evening than to appear as a witch and join in the choruses. She was therefore free from responsibility, and could observe every thing around her with tolerable calmness. Nevertheless, she felt a thrill of excitement and nervousness when, from the dressing-room which she and her aunt shared with old Mrs. Darling, she heard the sudden rush of footsteps and the Babel of voices that followed the opening of the gallery door. The stairs leading up to the gallery passed close to the wall of Mabel's dressing-room, and she felt them shake beneath the clatter of hurrying feet, and heard the noisy greetings and shouts of that portion of the audience known in theatrical parlance as the "gods."

"I think there will be a good house," said Mrs. Darling, in her measured accents.

Mrs. Darling was to play one of the three weird sisters, and was busily engaged in covering her fat placid countenance with a perfect net-work of black lines: which may have looked haggard and awful at a distance, but which, viewed near, gave her face the appearance of a railway map.

"I'm sure I hope so," said Mrs. Walton. "I think the business is likely to be good on the whole. This was always one of the best theatrical towns in Ireland for its size."

"Half hour, ladies!" cried a high shrill voice outside the door.

"What is it? What does he say, aunt?" asked Mabel, combing out her long, thick hair, which she was to wear loose and disheveled about her shoulders; that being the indispensable coiffure for a witch in the days of King Duncan.

"That's the call-boy, Mabel. He is calling the half hour; that is to say, you have still thirty minutes before the overture begins."

"Miss Bell is completely new to things theatrical, I see," said Mrs. Darling, affixing two long matted elf-locks of gray hair to the nondescript turban which she was about to put on her head, having first carefully combed back her own smooth light hair, and fastened it up out of sight.

"Well, yes; in a measure she is new to them. She lived for some years in my family. But that was when she was a child, and I never let the children be very much in the theatre."

"Your son," said Mrs. Darling, grandly, "is, I am pleased to hear, considered one of the most rising scene-painters of the day. He has won golden opinions from all sorts of people, Mrs. Walton."

"I am very glad to hear you say so. Jack is ambitious, for all his careless, light-hearted manner."

"He may justly be so. Many of our first artists have sprung from the theatrical painting-room. David Cox, Roberts—"

"Ten minutes, ladies!"

"Dear me, I must hasten. I did not think it was so late."

Mrs. Darling continued her toilet somewhat more quickly than before, but with a sort of methodical majesty that never deserted her.

As soon as Mabel was dressed—and perhaps some of my readers may like to know that the costume of a Scottish witch in that remote period was supposed to be accurately represented by a clean white petticoat, a pair of neat black leather shoes, a brown bedgown, green and blue tartan cloak, and flowing hair—she accompanied her aunt into the green-room. It was lighted by a couple of gas-burners fixed on each side of the chimney-piece. Besides the spears and banners

there was now a pile of round pasteboard shields covered with silver paper, and there were three wooden props—of the kind used in suburban gardens to sustain clothes-lines—leaning up in a corner, and intended for the use of the three principal witches. The only person in the room when Mabel and her aunt entered it was Mr. Shaw. He was transformed, by means of a flowing white wig and beard, into a very venerable-looking King Duncan, and was walking up and down repeating his part in short jerky sentences. Presently came in various other members of the company. Mr. Moffatt dressed as Macduff, and looking very fierce about the head, and very mild about the legs. Mr. Copestake as Banquo, with a false black beard, like the curly wig of a wax doll, and very pink cotton stockings. Miss Lydia St. Aubert, dignified and imposing in the long purple robes of Lady Macbeth, and with a square of white cashmere bound on her head by a golden circlet.

It was all poor enough, and had a large element of the absurd in it, which Mabel was fully alive to, but yet there *was* a certain glamour of romance over the shabby place and the third-rate players. There *was* a certain poetry, and an escape from the hard actualities, in the very fact of having to utter such words as those of Shakspeare's tragedy of Macbeth, and in the attempt to body forth, however inadequately, those wondrous creatures of the poet's imagination. And let it be remembered that, inferior as were most of the performers to the height of the task assigned to them, there were probably few, if any, persons even among the better portion of the audience, capable of reading and expounding three consecutive lines of the play as intelligently as the great majority of those provincial players. The very quaintness of the phraseology which would have rendered many passages obscure to the general reader, was, by habit and tradition, clear and familiar to the actors, and acquired force and meaning to many ears for the first time, being interpreted by their lips.

"Overture, ladies! Overture, gentlemen!" bawled the call-boy—who was a son of Nix, the versatile property-man, and was himself attired in a kilt and a tartan scarf, ready to personate Fleance. Presently, with a crashing preliminary chord, the orchestra struck up a medley of national airs. *Not* Scotch tunes, but Irish melodies. And the selection terminated with an air of local celebrity, called Jerry the Buck, to whose marked rhythm the stamping of the "gods" kept accurate time.

"Couldn't get on in Kilclare without Jerry the Buck," said Mr. Moffatt. "The gallery boys expect it to be played at least once every evening throughout the season."

Mabel had already seen little Corda Trescott. Mrs. Walton had asked the child to spend Sunday with them, and had taken her to church, and for a long country walk in the evening, and had sent her home full of delight and gratitude. Her joy at meeting Mabel again knew no bounds.

The little creature was to personate that one of the apparitions which "wears upon his baby brow the round and top of sovereignty," and she came into the green-room with her gold-brown curls waving round her delicate face, and crept up close to Mabel's side in shy silence. Cordelia Trescott was one of those beings, the natural refinement of whose aspect it is impossible to vulgarize by any outward circumstances. Dress her as you would, surround her with what coarse or absurd setting you might, she shone out pure and delicate as a lily, and could no more be made to look vulgar than the flower itself can.

"Well, Corda, are you going to sing in the choruses? I have never yet heard your voice, you know," said Mabel.

"Yes, Miss Mabel. I know all the music quite correctly, papa says."

Presently a violent shaking, administered by the prompter to the sheet of iron hanging over his head, announced the thunder with which the awful tragedy begins; and Nix, the indispensable, lightened from a tin tray at the wing, with weird effect. The house was full, and the audience in high good-humor. All the old well-known favorites—among whom Miss Lydia St. Aubert was perhaps the chief—were received with enthusiastic applause, and the new-comers were greeted encouragingly. When Nix put his head inside the green-room door, and said: "All the witches, please. Every body-y-y!" Mabel trembled with excitement. She took Corda's hand and followed Mrs. Walton on to the stage, to the quaint strains of old Matthew Locke's music—music more appropriate, perhaps, to the notion of a witch entertained by his Majesty King James the First than to those wild, grim conceptions of the poet's brain who met Macbeth upon the blasted heath and subtly tempted him with spoken suggestions of his own unuttered desires.

The gas was turned down very low (according to immemorial usage in the witches' scenes), and when Mabel fairly found herself first on the stage, the front of the house seemed to her unaccustomed eyes like some cave or gulf seen in a dream, and peopled with shadowy pale faces surging out of the darkness. After a second or two she was able to make out the shape of the theatre, the divisions of the boxes, and the sloping crowd of heads that filled the gallery to the ceiling. Then how thankful did she feel to be one of an undistinguished throng, and to know herself an insignificant and irresponsible member of it! "No one will look at me!" thought Mabel, with a sigh of relief. And yet she was mistaken in so thinking. The theatrical public of Kilclare was limited in numbers, and strongly interested in each individual member of Mr. Moffatt's company. They partook, indeed, very much of the sort of spirit that any one who has conversed with actors of the old school may have heard attributed to the play-goers of Bath and York some forty years ago. Centralization—that modern offspring of steam and the electric telegraph—has affected, not only kings and kaisers, potentates and princelings, but the mimic monarchs of the stage. The days are over when it was possible to achieve and retain a high professional reputation as an actor, without having appeared on the metropolitan boards. Still, here and there, in out-of-the-way nooks and corners of the kingdom, somewhat of the old local feeling remains; and it was so in the good town of Kilclare.

Teddy Molloy, seated in the centre of the pit, had been dispensing to his immediate neighbors such scraps of information with regard to his step-mother's lodgers as he thought fit to impart; and consequently it was very soon known to a large number of the audience that "the purty girl with the thick dark hair, and the nate little fut and ankle," was a niece of their old and respected favorite, Mrs. Walton. Rumors presently began to circulate that she had been a great heiress, had lost all her property, and was obliged to take to the stage to support herself and her family: which rumors caused much interest in "Miss M. A. Bell," and prepared the Kilclare critics to receive her efforts with considerable favor whenever she should essay a part. For it is a singular fact that while few people would submit to have their shoes spoiled, or their clothes cut awry, by inexperienced amateur shoemakers and tailors, on the plea that those artisans had never studied shoemaking or tailoring, yet in things theatrical the public—and the public of bigger places than little Kilclare—often seems as willing to welcome and pay for 'prentice work as for skilled labor.

Mabel, however, unconscious of the notice she was attracting, went through her part of the music with conscientious attention to the instructions of Mr. Trescott. She also made the useful discovery that her arms and legs and hands, which might be trusted to fall into easy and graceful postures in private life without any special thought on her part, became awkward and unmanageable on the boards of the stage; and that, as her aunt, quoting from stores of professional tradition and experience, had told her, it absolutely required considerable skill and attention to learn to stand still with any thing like ease or nature.

Mabel had begun her apprenticeship.

The tragedy went off with brilliant success. Mr. Wilfred J. Percival who made his début in Kilclare on the occasion, was received with signal favor. And all the critics (*before* the curtain) agreed that if his readings were occasionally obscure, and his pronunciation somewhat too transatlantic, he yet made up for all shortcomings by the splendor of his costumes, the power of his voice, and the extraordinary vigor and energy of his final combat with Macduff. Indeed, the contrast between his tall figure and muscular wielding of the claymore, and poor Mr. Moffatt's diminutive form and feeble swordsmanship, may be said to have almost shed a new and radiant light upon the moral of the play; for it was clear that nothing but the most triumphant virtue on the one side, and the most conscience-stricken villainy on the other, could have given the thane of Fife the smallest chance in the conflict. To enable such a Macduff to vanquish such a Macbeth, the former must have a very good cause indeed!

The performances terminated with a farce, in which Mrs. Walton performed a comic servant-girl, to the intense delight of the audience, and in which the sententious low comedian received what the Kilclare *Courier* called next morning "an ovation." And then the audience poured noisily out of the little play-house, and trooped away, scattering streams of talk and laughter through the quiet streets of the town; and then the lights were put out in the front of the theatre, the doors closed with a clang that echoed through the empty house; stage dresses were changed for street dresses, stage paint was washed off, stage wigs were removed; and Mabel, with Jack and Mrs. Walton, walked home through the sweet May night, discussing the events of the evening, in very good-humor with themselves and with each other.

WINGLETS

FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

WASHINGTON, *July* 13, 1867

DEAR WEEKLY,—My curiosity led me the other day to the Patent Office, and as the Commissioner every year makes a Report to Congress of his doings, I thought I would get up a Patent Report for you of my visit to this Yankee paradise. The list of inventions here specified were copied from the specifications lying on the clerk's desk, which I made while he was out to lunch.

1. "JOHN S. ANDERS of North Wales, Pennsylvania, for improvement in medicine." What I claim is, that the medicine shall be taken in at A, which is a glass vial, shaken up and given to B, a spittoon, and the patient shall be immediately worked for nine hours in C, constructed on the plan corn-fields are generally made, when, if his appetite and sleep is not improved, the dose shall be repeated, omitting ingredients A and B.

2. "JESSE BUNTON, Elmira, New York, for improvement in legs." What I claim is, that the wearer will be free of corns and bunions on the toes, and no amount of high living will bring on the gout. Suffering from tight boots will be unknown; and no matter how tight the owner may be in other particulars, he will not suffer from verbose or jocose veins, and it will save him from many past obligations, because he will stand on a different footing before his creditors.

3. "E. P. HENDERSON, Baltimore, Maryland, for improvements in saw-mills." Specification—The saw to have a set of false teeth, as, when a saw is worn out, the same teeth can be used for another saw, or, if the teeth should wear out first, a new set could be made for the old saw. By the use of nitrous oxyd gas the old ones can be taken off without pain to the operator.

4. "J. DE COURSEY, of Jersey City, New Jersey, for improvement in mosquito net." What I claim is, the double use of the article. When the mosquito is out of season the article is useful as a skirt distender; but in season it is a most convenient and ornamental mosquito bar.

5. "EDDUARD KAYLOR, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, for improvement in bolt-heading machine." Claims—*Firstly*, that a man with a head put on him by this machine can "bolt" his party without injurious effects. *Secondly*, can bolt his dinner without harm to it, bolting it down so tight that it will not come up—except in an emergency.

6. "JESSE S. LAKE, of Smith's Landing, New Jersey, for improvement in weighing scales." Description—First get the fish—shad are as good as any kind; scrape the fish with a knife in direction from the tail to the head, when the scales will fly off; dry the scales in the sun; then weigh them. After they are weighed they had better be thrown away, as they are a great nuisance about a place.

7 "JOHN D. LEE, of Trenton, New Jersey, for improved water-proof composition." I did not read this composition, but a great many I have read lately will not "hold water"—such, for example, as Mr. STANBERRY's composition on the Congressional Reconstruction Act. A composition that will "hold water" on any subject possesses some value.

8. "H. A. WATKINS, New York City, for improved paint." I claim that this is not a dye, and that it will remove all freckles, pimples, or tan. It will remove more tan than a cart and horse can do in the same time.

9. "AUGUSTUS ELLMER, Providence, Rhode Island, for improved method of preserving eggs." What I claim is, the making a small aperture at the point A, also at the butt B, when a person shall blow with his mouth at A, forcing that part of the egg that always spoils first out at B, after which the eggs can be strung on a string, as shown in the accompanying diagram, and kept for any length of time, depending a good deal upon the strength of the string.

10. "JOHN WILLIAMS, Cincinnati, Ohio, for improved fruit jar." There are so many jars that are now fruitless in the nation, and, we might add, in almost every family, that any invention that looks to an improvement in that department ought certainly have no stopper. Family jars can be improved by having your wife to live with her mother-in-law. No doubt there are other recipes in the different works on the subject.

11. "JOHN R. SHETZ, Albany, New York, for improvement in squeezers." I claim the improvement of putting the railroad presidents immediately over the cow-catchers and beyond them, so that appropriations may be squeezed out of the Board of Directors sufficient to maintain the necessary signal-stations on the road, and the track in proper order.

12. "JOHN R. BROWN, Rome, New York, for improvement in gas inhalers." I claim that in the study of the "Winglets" no Fenian will be carried off to Canada or filibuster to Mexico by gassy politicians, and all the gas that is daily expended about "growing despotism in the United States" will find no inhaler in the reader of these articles.

13. "ISAIAH CRANSTON, Wilmington, Delaware, for improved brick machine." Description—This machine is intended to make them in the hat with great rapidity, solid and heavy. Machines similar to this have been in use for a long time under different names, such as "Bitters," "Summer Tonics," etc., but they are all infringements on this patent.

14. "EDWARD WISSINBORN, Hudson, New York, for improvement in moulding peat." I claim that any peat, even PETE BEAUREGARD, can be moulded into a tractable and useful article by subjecting him to a course of treatment as is administered by General SHERIDAN at New Orleans, and that said PETE would be greatly improved thereby.

These are but a few, dear *Weekly*, that I had time to notice. You will see that there is considerable originality manifested, and if the time ever comes when we are to get up an Exposition, we will be able to do it, and furnish our own sovereigns, as we are now about run over with what Mr. WOOD calls the Sovereign People, which, of course, must include

Your own C. O. W.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE LATEST ATTITUDE OF RUSSIA—Justice to Ireland.—*See Cable Dispatches of July* 11.

A French agency for matrimonial alliances concludes an advertisement with: "Happiness guaranteed for one year."

Why sits that maiden sad and pale
  Amid the glittering throng?
Why bears her face the marks of pain,
  While heedless of the song?
Has he whom she so fondly loves
  Left her young heart forlorn?
More poignant are the pangs she feels
  She suffers from—a Corn.

DIETARY OBSERVATIONS.

All travelers, who intend to take the "first train" in the morning, should have *hasty* pudding, with *caper* sauce, for breakfast.

Dancers should make a light supper of fish-*balls* and *pigeon's wings*.

Land surveyors need *snakes* and *perch*.

Skaters must have *iced water*, and may occasionally have *souse* and *cold ham*.

Men of intemperate habits must avoid *corned* meat and *ale*-wives.

Teachers of languages may be said to live on *tongues* and *sounds*.

Carpenters should have *plane* food.

Dentists like something that's *filling*.

Chiropodists are fond of *toe-martyrs*.

Pyrotechnists can live on serpents, grasshoppers, and crackers.

Jewelers often dispose of 12 to 18 *carats* at one time.

Paper-hangers always have *rolls* on their tables.

A church in Columbus, Ohio, has posted at its entrance the following: "Gentlemen will leave their tobacco at the door."

A person has such a cold in his head that he can't wash his face without freezing the water.

At a fashionable dinner a gentleman observed a person who sat opposite use a tooth-pick which had just done the same service to his neighbor. Wishing to apprise him of his mistake, he said: "I beg your pardon, Sir, but you are using Mr. ——'s tooth-pick." "I know I am. By the powers, Sir, do you think I am not going to return it?"

Why is a man who fails in kissing a lady like a shipwrecked fisherman?—Because he has lost his *smack*.

VEGETABLE POETRY.

"Onion garden bed reclining
  Beets a youth his aching head;
Cauliflowers! Lo, weeds confront me;
  Lettuce hence, he sadly said.
Carrots out the stoutest manhood,
  Peas my wearied soul doth need;
Bean O! strife for me hereafter,
  Else my heart will go to seed."

COMPOUND RATING.—Being blown up by one's wife, and her sister chiming in!

"Why was Eve the first Ritualistic convert?"—"Because she began by being Eve-angelical, and ended by taking to vestments."

SONNET TO MY PIPE.

Thou cheering friend of many a weary hour,
  I'll sing thy virtues in my humble lay;
Oft have I felt thy gentle, soothing power;
  I do not scorn thee, though thou art but *clay*.

Far dearer thou to me than choicest work
  From the skill'd products of Italia's land,
Or rich chibouque of the enamor'd Turk,
  With endless tubes and amber mouth-piece grand.

Companion thou hast been for many a year,
  'Tis *I* have colored thy once fair face black;
I could not leave thee now without a tear,
  Thou, the last keepsake of my old friend Jack.

He prized thee for thy shape, and then to hear
  How oft upon thy merits he has spoken;
Long may I smoke thee with my evening beer,
  My own lov'd pipe—Confound it! it is broken!

Why is a woman mending her stockings deformed?—Because her hands are where her feet belong.

Why was Desdemona the most discontented of all women?—Because the Moor she had—the Moor she wanted.

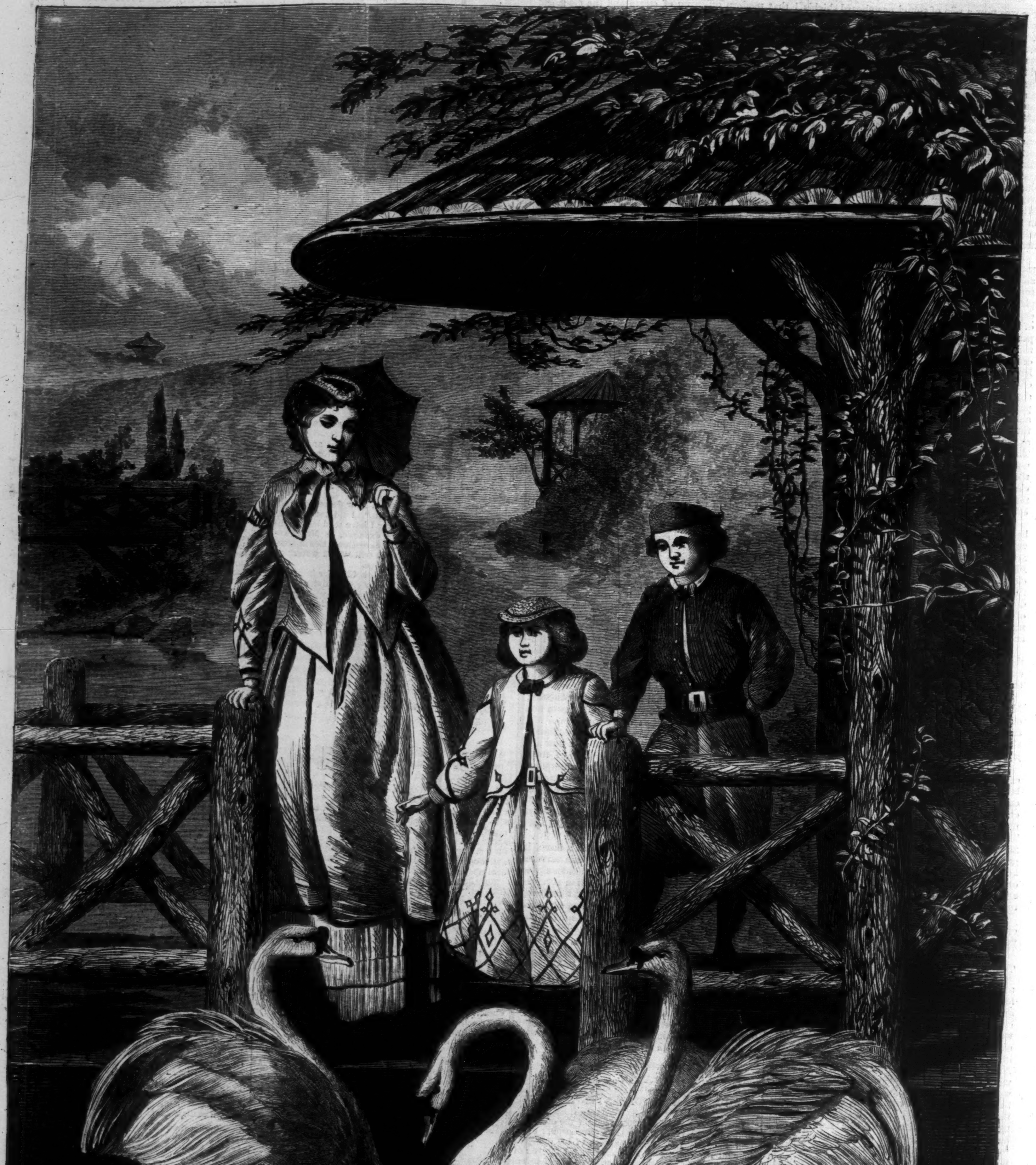
"What news to-day?" said a merchant to his friend lately. "What news!" responded the other. "Nothing; only things grow better—people are getting on their legs again." "On their legs!" said the first. "I don't see how you can make that out." "Why, yes," replied the other; "folks that used to ride are obliged to walk now; is not that getting on their legs again?"

A commercial traveler lately left a shirt at an inn, and wrote to the chamber-maid to forward it to him by coach, which produced the following:

  I hope, dear Sir, you'll not feel hurt,
    I'll frankly tell you all about it;
  I've made a shift with your old shirt,
    And you must make a shift without it.

A PROFESSIONAL VIEW OF THINGS.—Trecalfe, our bookseller, who has recently got married, says of his wife, that he feels that her life is bound up in his.

There is a man out West so sharp that he cuts all his acquaintances.



FEEDING THE SWANS—A SCENE IN CENTRAL PARK.—DRAWN BY E. FORBES.—[SEE PAGE 478.]

CORONATION OF FRANCIS JOSEPH OF AUSTRIA AS KING OF HUNGARY—BRANDISHING THE SWORD.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

DRINKING FOUNTAIN

THE first of the drinking fountains to be erected in this city by the Society for the Prevention o. Cruelty to Animals has been completed and thrown open to the public—man and beast. This one, which we illustrate on page 469, is located in Union Square. On one side is a basin for horses; below, and near the ground, is another for dogs and other small quadrupeds; while a running stream on the opposite side supplies thirsty mankind with "the bright and sparkling water," than which, it is popularly declared, "there is nothing so good for the youthful blood." Other fountains are to be rapidly built in other parts of the city.

ROYAL GUESTS AT THE HOTEL DE VILLE, PARIS.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES.

By MISS ANNIE THOMAS,
Author of "Denis Donne," "Walter Goring," "Played Out," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

"THE STRONGER WILL!"

BLANCHE LYON suffered the others to advance propositions respecting the manner and the means to be employed in getting down to the village to look at the cottage that was to let. It was not at all in her way to seek, to add confusion to chaos by opposing what was not even half established, and pointing out the weakness that would immediately assert itself.

"The distance is nothing—let us walk. I have walked it in comfort once already to-day," Mrs. Lyon said, leaning back in her chair after a comfortable luncheon, and fanning herself in a way that was expressive of fatigue.

"Let us have the wagonette and all go together," Frank Bathurst proposed. He felt that there would be a difficulty about getting to be alone with Blanche, and he did not care about being alone with any one else just then.

"I don't see that there is any necessity for your all putting yourselves out of the way to go down," Edgar Talbot said; "Trixy and Miss Lyon will perhaps walk down with me, and you could wait here for us to come back and fall in with your plans, whatever they are, for the afternoon."

"I should like to go down again and point out one or two little things," Mrs. Lyon said in the tone of one who felt that whatever she did the others would not sufficiently appreciate her excellence in doing it—"I should like to go down again and point out one or two little things that are not as I should like them to be in the house." She looked from one to the other appealingly as she spoke, as if she rather expected them to deny her even this small boon of tiring herself, for no good end, more completely than she was already.

"Walking is out of the question for you, mamma," Blanche said, firmly.

"Then my wagonette plan is the best," Mr. Bathurst said, with as much of "that settles it" smile.

"You drive, I suppose?" Blanche said, persuasively, looking at him as he pushed his chair back and got up.

"Yes. I will drive."

"And Miss Talbot will have the place of honor by your side, and—you are letting me arrange it all—intending to coincide with my arrangement, are you not?"

"Unquestionably," he replied.

"And mamma and Mr. Talbot will sit just behind you. I shall ride: you will lend me the mare you offered to give me?"

Her accents were very seductive in their subtle sweetness as she addressed him; but for all that subtle sweetness they grated on his ears. She had portioned out the places of all save Lionel Talbot; and she designed to ride, and Lionel Talbot would be free to go with her.

"Of course I let you arrange it all. I must propose one alteration, however, which is far from being an amendment," he said, gallantly; "the mare gave my wrist an awkward jerk this morning. I doubt whether I could hold those young horses together or not. Lal had better drive them, and I will ride with you."

He came nearer to her as he spoke, his fair face flushed, and his blue eyes dancing with the consciousness that they were all perfectly alive to the root of his desire for this change. His infatuation for Blanche amused himself so much that he had not the smallest objection to its amusing other people in a lesser degree. He was as willful as a woman about carrying his own point, but Blanche opposed him with a still deeper willfulness.

"Let me look at your wrist," she said, and then when he came close and extended his hand she laid her slender white fingers firmly on the part which he had declared had been given an awkward jerk. "I will strengthen it for you," she said, in a low voice, binding her handkerchief tightly round it as she spoke; "please do not frustrate my politics, whatever they may be; drive as you promised!"

She spoke very hurriedly in fear of being overheard by the others, who, as is usual in most cases, misunderstood her manner and motives, and believed her to be flirting at him, her cousin host, with vigor and determination. But though she spoke hurriedly she spoke forcibly, and Frank felt that it behooved him to attend to her.

"Come nearer to the light, that you may see to tie my bandage becomingly," he said, laughing, drawing her after him to the window. "That's well! Now, Blanche," he muttered, "what is it? You mean going alone?"

"I do not mean going with you at any rate. Behave yourself, Frank; hands that are appendages to sprained wrists ought not to have the power of pressing so painfully; let my hand go, Sir; and promise me you drive."

"I promise," he said, shrugging his shoulders, "any thing you like; I will order the horses."

As he left the room there was a general movement made, a sort of feint among the party of going to get ready, and it chanced that Lionel Talbot and Blanche were brought near together.

"The blunder of narrow doorways," Blanche laughed as Lionel stepped back for her to pass him, and she stepped back courteously at the same moment; steps which caused their detention in the room alone after the others had left it. "Am I to ride alone, Mr. Talbot?" she said, suddenly.

"You seemed to prefer the groom's escort to Frank's," he replied.

"I did nothing of the kind, and the groom has never been mentioned. Will you ride with me? That is a plain and straightforward way of putting it."

"I had better not, precious as the office of taking charge of you, if only for a short time, would be to me—I had better not."

"Why?" she said. And then she linked her fingers together, and let her hands fall down in front of her. She was holding her head up proudly, but her eyes were downcast, hidden by their lashes. "Why?" she repeated, as he looked at her most lovingly, but spoke no word.

"Why?" he echoed. "Because—will you have it—my reason?"

"Yes, I will have it—I will hear it. You shall tell me so plainly that there can be no mistake about it," she said, excitedly.

"I had better not take charge of you, because the office is too precious to be held with impunity to the holder for only a short time. Forgive me, Miss Lyon, you almost forced the truth from me."

Even as he asked for her forgiveness in broken, subdued tones, she came nearer to him, with a soft, loving triumph, that was inexpressibly thrilling to him, in her face and bearing.

"I have forced the truth from you for no low, vain end," she said; and her hands were extended to him—were taken—were pressed to his heart, before Lionel Talbot remembered that he was acting a very imprudent part.

"Because I love you so," he said, passionately, "because I love you so, it would be better that I should never be with you again, unless I may be with you forever."

"And is there any thing to prevent that being the case?" she whispered. And then—she was, for all the bright bravery of her mind and manner, a woman endowed with that infinitely caressing way that can not be withstood—then she lowered her head a little, and sighingly let it find a resting-place on his shoulder.

"You feared your fate too much, Lionel," she said.

"It was too bright a one for me to dare to hope to touch it. Blanche! be wise in time, my darling; think of what you are relinquishing before you suffer me to let my whole heart go out to you in so full a way that I may never get it back and live. I have so little to offer you besides that heart, sweet child—Frank has so much."

"Which will be surrendered to Trixy before long. Perhaps you will submit to my loss of Haldon with a better grace if it is Trixy's gain?" She asked this in a light tone; but she added, soberly enough, an instant after: "Never regret your want of any thing for my sake, Lionel; if poor Edgar had succeeded as he believed and hoped he should succeed in his ventures, it would have come to this between you and me, and I should have basked idly in the sun of that success, and been very happy. As it is—well, I have it in me to fight for fortune with you against the world."

She looked so joyously confident, so radiantly satisfied with the existing state of things, so bewitchingly hopeful about the future, that Lionel felt that

"Poor wisdom's chance
Against a glance"

was weaker than ever. However much more brilliant her fate would have been if she had given her heart to his friend instead of to himself, the intoxicating truth that her heart was entirely his now came home to him unalloyed by a shadow of doubt. Still he strove to render his grasp upon her looser, less that of "lord and lover" for a moment, as he said:

"Take care, Blanche! I can give you up now, and never blame you in word or thought for having got me to tell you that it will be death to me to do so; but five minutes of this, and no earthly power shall make me give you up—you hear me?"

"And mark you too," she said, holding her head far back, and shaking it winningly, with an air of satisfied acquiescence in his decision that was strangely soothing to him. "You shall have the five minutes: as for the opportunity of defying earthly powers, I am afraid your tenacity will not be put to the test, unless mamma intervenes." And then they both laughed.

"Mamma's intervention may possibly hasten the union of the principal powers," he said.

"Mamma is safe to be funny about it," Blanche said, gravely, "it goes without saying that she will be that; she will view the matter from the melancholy point of view, if not from the lachrymose, for a while, but it will all come right by-and-by."

"Yes, of course it will, if we make our own arrangements and abide by them, without suffering let or hindrance from others."

"I hear them coming down stairs," Blanche exclaimed, starting and blushing; "do let me go and put my habit on—and ride with me, will you?"

"Will I not?" he answered, very fondly, as she got herself away through the doorway which she had declared just now "to be a blunder."

"We don't need a groom; I am going to ride with Miss Lyon," Lionel said to Frank Bathurst when Blanche came down and joined them just outside the hall-door, where the wagonette and a couple of saddle-horses were waiting. Lionel said it with that assumption of intense indifference which generally first betrays to others the fact of a man having utterly surrendered to the one of whom he does not speak as he feels.

"Are you so? very well," Frank said, rather coldly; and then he turned away without offering to help Blanche on to her horse. The men were friends, in the best sense of the word; but it is a hard thing for both when friends love the same woman.

"Earthly power number one is unpropitious," Blanche said, in a low tone, as Lionel stooped for her to put her foot in his hand; "believe me, though, Lionel, I would not speak of it if I were not sure that with him it is a passing cloud. Frank will not be angry with us long."

"I hope not. How sweet you look in your riding-gear!" Lionel replied. Friendship stands such a poor chance of being ably considered when love puts in his claim.

It was hard upon Mr. Bathurst; it was very hard upon Mr. Bathurst to have to see that pair go off together, and to be doomed himself to play the part of charioteer to Mrs. Lyon, Edgar, and Beatrix; for it is a fact that a woman in love, and at the same time sure that the one she loves loves somebody else, is very much at a disadvantage. The whole of that little scene of starting got stamped in vividly upon poor Trixy's mind. Blanche's absolute power over both the man who loved her and the man she loved were painful sights to the girl who had no apparent power over any one just at the time. Miss Lyon's plan of making one man radiantly happy by riding with him, and another man dolefully dull by not driving with him, was a gift that not all Trixy's Christian charity could compel her to think good. The brother would have been surrendered with a good grace to the brilliant rival, but human nature must cease to be itself before a lover can be given up graciously.

Their way lay through such bowery lanes; between such high-banked, rich, garden-like hedges! It was the time of roses, and, consequently, the time for most of our fairest wild-flowers to bloom. The beauty of the uncultivated sloping parterres through which they passed made matter for talk for them for a time; but presently, when the fast trot of the cobs had carried the wagonette so far ahead of them that it was safe to speak, and even to look, a slight pressure on the near rein brought Lionel's horse closer to Blanche's, and he said:

"Concealment is always bad: if we fairly understand each other, darling, it seems to me to be only fair to the others that they should understand us too."

"Hurried disclosures are as bad as concealment," she said. "We do fairly understand each other, Lionel; of course we do; but why make talk about that understanding before it is needful? Circumstance is a mighty monarch; about ourselves we, and we only, have to consult him; meanwhile we had better not consult other people, I think."

As she spoke she lifted up her hand to switch the air with her whip. Lionel caught the hand and held it.

"I could have gone on suffering silence to reign as to my feelings about you if you had not let me speak to you as I have spoken this morning; but now that course is closed to me. I can not look upon you as my future wife in secret. My love has gone out to you as I never thought it could go to any woman. You have accepted the love; you must submit to the show of it."

"Submit! as far as I am concerned I accept all show of it with pride and gladness," she said, softly; "but for you, Lionel, avowed engagements fetter a man who is fighting with the world. People will not overlook the fact of success being essential to him because he is going to be married; and so, often the hand that is playing honestly and lovingly for fortune's favors is rendered unsteady or weak by the too keen observation bent upon it. Play freely, dearest, for a time, at least."

"Freely, but not secretly," he said.

"You have it in you to be very rash."

"I have, when I am very fond. Rash, do you say? No, Blanche, in this case the rashness would be in concealment. If I shrank from proclaiming that you had promised to be my own, you would be the first to condemn my weakness in thus shrinking; and yet women are so consistently inconsistent that you urge me to do so."

"For our mutual good, I am sure."

"How would it be for our mutual good that we should be held in check—cut off from the confidence that should cheer us?"

"My cowardice is not for myself," she answered, blushing brightly. "I only feel that for you it might be better not to be supposed to have the obligation laid upon you of having to make money enough to support a wife for a time; but if you will risk the drawbacks, Lionel—"

"You will agree to their all knowing that you are going to be my wife," he interrupted; "and the sooner they know it, and the sooner it is, the better. Be sure of one thing—I am not going to let you out into the world again without me."

She looked up at him gratefully, proudly, fondly. "Oh, Lal, it was only for your sake I counseled concealment for a time; for my own I thank you for your decision, and accept it, as I will every one you make henceforth without appeal."

As she finished her sentence they turned into the one little crooked street of the village in which the cottage that was to let was situated, and fell under the observation of the party in the wagonette, which was pulled up to wait for them.

"I wish Blanche would not lag behind in that way," Mrs. Lyon said, rather peevishly. It seemed to the good old lady a wicked waste of a golden opportunity that her daughter should linger behind with a comparatively poor artist when a rich land-owner was ahead. Before any one could reply to her the pair on horseback came up at a sharp trot, and something in Blanche's manner told Frank Bathurst that the "game was gone."

Need it be said that as soon as this conviction smote him he accepted the situation with the blithe amiability that characterized him, and became on the spot their warmest ally. From the bottom of his bright, warm, wide heart he had wished for Miss Lyon for his wife; but since he could not have her through some distortion of her own judgment, he was admirably well contented that his friend should be successful. At any rate she would not drop out of his orbit, and be lost to his beauty-loving sight. It would still be within his power to hear her talk, to see her move about with that subtle seductiveness of movement which no other woman possessed. The link of friendship should never be broken between the two families, and Blanche would still be free to charm him, as only so clever, fascinating, and beautiful a woman could charm him. He watched her as Lionel helped her from her horse, and when she reached the ground he managed to make her eyes meet his. For a moment or two they looked unflinchingly, and when each slowly turned away from the other's gaze the understanding between them was as honorable and complete as if it had been legally drawn up and ratified. They were to be friends, free and unfettered in manner and in mind, without a back thought or regret about any thing between them.

"One moment," he muttered, as they were passing into the cottage garden in the rear of the rest, and he put his hand upon hers as he spoke, "one moment. My wrist is strong enough now, you see; it does not tremble as I tell you I see what has happened, and rejoice in it, dear Blanche, for my old friends. God bless you both! You will be very happy."

"And so will you, Frank?" she half asserted, half interrogated.

"Yes," he said, gayly; "I don't think it is in me to be a despairing swain."

"If you did despair I should say you were blind and void of all taste," she answered, hurriedly, as the others looked back at them from the already opened door, and they had to hasten their steps to rejoin them.

It was a charming cottage. The "two or three little drawbacks" which Mrs. Lyon had anxiously volunteered to point out were no drawbacks at all in the eyes of the young people. When looked upon in cold blood it must be acknowledged that it was an irregular and defective abode; for the drawing and dining rooms had been added to the original structure, and the original structure had the air of disapproving of the additions and of holding itself aloof from them as much as possible. The ceilings had given way in one or two of the rooms, and the kitchen range was a monstrous rusty enigma to Mrs. Lyon; but despite these trifles the cottage was charming, for it was prettily papered, and it had French windows, and its walls were festooned by roses, and its garden sloped away in privacy to the woods.

"It's a perfect little paradise," Beatrix said, aloud; and she thought how sweet it would be to share such a paradise with Frank Bathurst.

"It is just the house for a pair of artistic-minded young married people," Frank himself said, gravely.

"Well, Mrs. Lyon, what is your verdict?" Edgar Talbot asked.

"I only wish it was going to be my home," that lady answered, with the bright admiration that came from her feeling over-confident about it's never being her home.

"Then I may as well tell you at once what I should shortly have been compelled to tell you in any case. I am going to break up my London establishment—why I need hardly tell you—and I should be glad if you will continue to afford my sister the same countenance and protection here which you consented to give her in London. May I hope that it will be so, Mrs. Lyon?"

"Live here!" she exclaimed.

"Yes; live here for a time at least."

"Mamma, you can have no better plan to propose," Blanche said, reproachfully; and then Mrs. Lyon shook her head dolorously, and said, "Oh no; of course not!" adding, suddenly:

"Would it not be far better to go into nice, quiet, convenient lodgings in London, where every comfort would be supplied to us, than to live here? Consider the butcher."

"I really must confess to considering my own and my sister's convenience before the butcher," Edgar said, laughing.

"I mean, think of the distance we are from him; not but what I shall be very happy to stay here, if you all wish me to do it; but how are we to manage? there is no furniture!" and Mrs. Lyon, as she spoke, looked from one to the other as if she would ask their pardon for mildly appealing against that want of consideration of them which made them expect her to joyously acquiesce in the prospect of living in an empty house.

"The furniture shall be sent down from Victoria Street if you will agree to live here for at least a year after it is furnished," Mr. Talbot replied.

"Then it will not fit," Mrs. Lyon said, like a woman.

"Never mind its fitting the house," Edgar replied, like a man, "we will settle it when it comes."

"What am I to do about the range?" Mrs. Lyon said, dejectedly. "I am sure I shall be delighted to remain with Miss Talbot here, or any where else, for a year; but I could wish that range altered, or I shall never have a moment's peace; 'Fit for a young married couple with artistic minds!'—well, it may be fit for such; but I know what the cooking will be if that range isn't looked to."

"Let us take the house and ask Trixy to stay with us," Lionel whispered; "and let your mother go back to the delightful London lodgings, where she can be free from the burden of that range." But Miss Lyon turned a deaf ear to this suggestion. She was not made of the materials to marry in haste, with the possibility before her that circumstances might cause the man she married to repent at leisure. Accordingly, she only shook her head in reply to him, and then said:

"The greater good of the greater number is the point to be considered by all of us. Mamma,

this will be the best place for you to live in with Trixy."

"Where shall we all find room?" Mrs. Lyon said, querulously.

"I may not be at home for long," Blanche replied.

"I will have no more governessing," Mrs. Lyon said, emphatically. "You shall not go out in that way again."

Blanche laughed and shook her head.

"I promise you I will not attempt to do it," she said. "I am more ambitious in these days; you shall know in what way if I succeed."

"And you will tell me even if you fail, will you, my own Blanche?" Lionel whispered, as they went out together, and he prepared to put her on her horse. But Blanche in reply to this only bent her brow with that look of sudden steadfastness which had a habit of coming over her face, as she replied:

"I won't promise that, Lionel; failures are not nice things to talk about."

"Why venture any thing on your own account? why not trust yourself wholely and solely to me? there is a great deal wanting in your love while you refuse to do this."

She was stung to quick speech by his supposition. "You know—you must know that I would brave any thing, relinquish any thing, do any thing, for the sake of being your wife," she said; "but I won't consent to fetter you: to impoverish and lessen you in any way would be frightful to me. Lionel, I would rather crush my love than do it. I will crush my love, if it comes to that: do you believe me?"

"No," he said, as he slung himself upon his horse.

"No, Lionel!"

"I do not believe that my own love for you is so weak as to be incapable of overcoming such scruples. Oh, child! you are mine now to have and to hold against the world: even against yourself. Don't let me hear any more about your 'fettering,' or 'impoverishing,' or 'lessening' me. When you are my wife I will teach you that your being that is ample compensation for every thing else."

She began conning the lesson he was willing to teach her, with such a pleased, happy look on her face as she turned it toward him.

"Oh, Lionel! after all my wise, prudent speeches, what will you think of me, when I tell you that I love you desperately, darling, desperately?"

"Think! that I am surer of you than I was before you gave yourself out to speak the truth," he said, fondly; "there must be no going back from this, Blanche; we are bound to play for fortune's favors: to fight the battle of life together."

BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book VI.—The Heiress of the Haygarths.

CHAPTER VI.—*Continued.*

Nov. 10. Here I am in London once more, with my Sheldon in ecstatics, and our affairs progressing marvelously well, as he informs me; but with that ponderous slowness peculiar to all mortal affairs in which the authorities of the realm are in any way concerned.

My work is finished. Hawkehurst, the genealogist and antiquarian, sinks into Hawkehurst the private individual. I have no more to do but to mind my own business, and await the fruition of time in the shape of my reward.

Can I accept three thousand pounds for giving my dearest her birth-right? Can I take payment for a service done to her? Surely not: and on the other hand can I continue to woo my sweet one, conscious that she is the rightful claimant to a great estate? Can I take advantage of her ignorance, and may it not be said that I traded on my secret knowledge?

Before leaving Yorkshire I stole one more day from the Sheldon business, in order to loiter just a few hours longer in that northern Arcadia called Newhall Farm. What assurance have I that I shall ever re-enter that pleasant dwelling? What hold have I, a wanderer and a vagabond, on the future which respectable people map out for themselves with such mathematical precision? And even the respectable people are sometimes out in their reckoning. To snatch the joys of to-day must always be the policy of the adventurer. So I took one more happy afternoon at Newhall. Nor was the afternoon entirely wasted, for in the course of my farewell visit I heard more of poor Susan Meynell's history from honest uncle Joseph. He told me the story during an after-dinner walk, in which he took me the round of his pig-sties and cattle-sheds for the last time, as if he would fain have had them leave their impress on my heart.

"You may see plenty of cattle in Yorkshire," he remarked, complacently, "but you won't see many beasts to beat that."

He pointed to a brown and mountainous mass of inert matter, which he gave me to understand was something in the way of cattle.

"Would you like to see him standing?" he asked, giving the mass a prod with the handle of his walking-stick, which to my cockney mind seemed rather cruel, but which, taken from an agricultural point of view, was no doubt the correct thing. "He *can* stand. Coom up, Brownie!"

I humbly entreated that the ill-used mass might be allowed to sprawl in undisturbed misery.

"Thorley!" exclaimed Mr. Mercer, laying his finger significantly against the side of his unpretending nose.

I had not the faintest comprehension of my revered uncle-in-law's meaning; but I said, "Oh, indeed!" with the accents of admiration.

"Thorley's Condiment," said my uncle. "You'll see some fine animals at the Cattle-show; but if you see a two-year-old heifer to beat him, my name is not Joe Mercer."

After this I had to pay my respects to numerous specimens of the bovine race, all more or less prostrate under the burden of superabundant flesh, all seeming to cry aloud for the treatment of some Banting of the agricultural world.

"After we had 'done' the cattle-sheds, with heroic resignation on my part, and with enthusiasm on the part of Mr. Mercer, we went a long way to see some rarities in the way of mutton, which commodity was to be found cropping the short grass on a distant upland.

With very little appreciation of the zoological varieties, and with the consciousness that my dear one was sitting in the farm-house parlor wondering at my prolonged absence, this excursion could not be otherwise than a bore to me. But it was a small thing to sacrifice my own pleasure for once in a way, when by so doing I might gratify the kindest of men and of uncles; so I plodded briskly across the fields with the friendly farmer.

I had my reward; for in the course of this walk Mr. Mercer gave me the history of poor Susan Meynell.

"I didn't care to talk about the story the other night before the young lass," he said, gravely; "for her heart's so full of pity and tenderness, pretty dear, that any tale such as that is like to upset her. But the story's known to almost all the folks in these parts; so there's no particular reason against my telling it to you. I've heard my poor mother talk of Susan Meynell many a time. She was a regular beauty, it seems; prettier than her sister Charlotte, and she was a pretty woman, as you may guess by looking at *our* Charlotte, who is thought the image of her grandmother. But Susan was one of those beauties that you don't see very often—more like a picture than flesh and blood. The gentry used to turn round to look at her at Barngrave Church, I've heard my mother say. She was a rare one for dress, too; for she had a few hundreds left her by her father and mother, who had both of them been very well-to-do people. The mother was only daughter to William Rand, of Barngrave, a man who farmed above a thousand acres of his own land; and the father kept a carpet warehouse in Aldersgate Street."

This information I received with respectful deference, and a hypocritical assumption of ignorance respecting Miss Meynell's antecedents.

Mr. Mercer paused to take breath, and then continued the story after his own rambling fashion.

"Well, my lad, what with her fine dress, and what with her pretty looks, Susan Meynell seems to have thought a little too much of herself; so that when Montagu Kingdon, of Kingdon Place, younger brother to Lord Durnsville, fell in love with her, and courted her—not exactly openly, but with the knowledge of her sister, Mrs. Halliday—she thought it no more than natural that he should intend to make her his wife. Mr. Kingdon was ten years older than Susan, and had served under the Marquis of Wellesley in Spain, and had not borne too good a character abroad. He had been in a hard-drinking cavalry regiment, and had spent all his money, and sold out directly the war was over. There was very little of all this known down hereabouts, where Mr. Kingdon stood very high, on account of his being Lord Durnsville's brother. But it was known that he was poor, and that the Durnsville estates were heavily encumbered into the bargain."

"Then this gentleman would have been no grand match for Miss Meynell, if—"

"If he had married her? No, my lad; and it might have been the knowledge of his poverty that made Susan and her sister think less of the difference between his station and the girl's. The two women favored him, any how; and they kept the secret from James Halliday, who was a regular upstraight-and-downright kind of fellow, as proud as any lord in his own way. The secret was kept safe enough for some time, and Mr. Kingdon was always dropping in at Newhall when Jim was out of the way; but folks in these parts are very inquisitive, and, lonesome as our place is, there are plenty of people go by between Monday and Saturday; so by-and-by it got to be noticed that there was very often a gentleman's horse standing at Newhall gate, with the bridle tied to one of the gate-posts; and those that knew any thing knew that the horse belonged to Montagu Kingdon. A friend of Jim Halliday's told him as much one day, and warned him that Mr. Kingdon was a scamp, and was said to have a Spanish wife somewhere beyond seas. This was quite enough for James Halliday, who flew into a roaring rage at the notion of any man, most of all Lord Durnsville's brother, going to his house and courting his sister-in-law in secret. It was at Barngrave he was told this, one market-day, as he was lounging with his friends in the old yard of the Black Bull inn, where the corn exchange used to be held in those days. He called for his horse the next minute, and left the town at a gallop. When he came to Newhall he found Montagu Kingdon's chestnut mare tied to the gate-post, and he found Mr. Kingdon himself dawdling about the garden with Miss Meynell."

"And then I suppose there was a scene?" I suggested, with unfeigned interest in this domestic story.

"Well, I believe there was, my boy. I've heard all about it from my poor Molly, who had the story from her mother. James Halliday didn't mince matters; he gave Mr. Kingdon a bit of his mind, in his own rough, outspoken way, and told him it would be worse for him if he ever crossed the threshold of Newhall gate again. 'If you meant well by that foolish girl you wouldn't come sneaking here behind my back,' he said; 'but you don't mean well by her, and you've a Spanish wife hidden away somewhere in the Peninsula.' Mr. Kingdon gave the lie to this; but he said he shouldn't stoop to justify himself to an unmannerly yeoman. 'If you were a gentleman,' he said, 'you should pay dearly for your insolence.' 'I'm ready to pay any price you like,' answered James Halliday, as bold as brass; 'but as you weren't over-fond of fighting abroad, where there was plenty to be got for it, I don't suppose you want to fight at home, where there's nothing to be got for it.'"

"And did Susan Meynell hear this?" I asked. I could fancy this ill-fated girl standing by and looking on aghast while hard things were said to the man she loved, while the silver veil of sweet romance was plucked so roughly from the countenance of her idol by an angry rustic's rude hand.

"Well, I don't quite know whether she heard all," answered Mr. Mercer, thoughtfully. "Of course James Halliday told his wife all about the row afterward. He was very kind to his sister-in-law, in spite of her having deceived him; and he talked to her very seriously, telling her all he had heard in Barngrave against Montagu Kingdon. She listened to him quietly enough; but it was quite clear that she didn't believe a word he said. 'I know you have heard all that, James,' she said, 'but the people who said it knew they were not telling the truth. Lord Durnsville and his brother are not popular in the country, and there are no falsehoods too cruel for the malice of his enemies.' She answered him with some such fine speech as that, and when the next morning came she was gone."

"She eloped with Mr. Kingdon."

"Yes. She left a letter for her sister, full of romantic stuff about loving him all the better because people spoke ill of him; regular woman's talk, you know, bless their poor, silly hearts!" murmured Mr. Mercer, with tender compassion. "She was going to London to be married to Mr. Kingdon," she wrote. "They were to be married at the old church in the city where she had been christened, and she was going to stay with an old friend—a young woman who had once been her brother's sweet-heart, and who was married to a butcher in Newgate market—till the bans were given out, or the license bought. The butcher's wife had a country-house out at Edmonton, and it was there Susan was going to stay."

"All that seemed straightforward enough," said I.

"Yes," replied uncle Joe; "but if Mr. Kingdon had meant fairly by Susan Meynell, it would have been as easy for him to marry her at Barngrave as in London. He was as poor as a church-mouse; but he was his own master, and there was no one to prevent him doing just what he pleased. This is about what James Halliday thought, I suppose; for he tore off to London, as fast as post-horses could carry him, in pursuit of his wife's sister and Mr. Kingdon. But, though he made inquiries all along the road, he could not hear that they had passed before him, and for the best of all reasons. He went to the butcher's house at Edmonton; but there he found no trace of Susan Meynell, except a letter, and posted in Yorkshire on the day of the row between James and Mr. Kingdon, telling her intention of visiting her old friend within the next few days, and hinting at an approaching marriage. There was the letter announcing the visit, but the visitor had not come."

"But the existence of that letter bears witness that Miss Meynell believed in the honesty of her lover's intentions."

"To be sure it does, poor lass," answered Mr. Mercer, pensively. "She believed in the word of a scoundrel, and she was made to pay dearly for her simplicity. James Halliday did all he could to find her. He searched London through, as far as any man can search such a place as London; but it was no use—and for a very good reason, as I said before. The end of it was that he was obliged to go back to Newhall no wiser than when he started."

"And was nothing further ever discovered?" I asked, eagerly, for I felt that this was just one of those family complications from which all manner of legal difficulties might arise.

"Don't be in a hurry, my lad," answered uncle Joe; "wickedness is sure to come to light sooner or later. Three years after this poor young woman ran away there was a drunken groom dismissed from Lord Durnsville's stable; and what must he needs do but come straight off to my brother to vent his spite against his master, and perhaps to curry favor at Newhall. 'You shouldn't have gone to London to look for the young lady, Muster Halliday,' he said; 'you should have gone the other way. I know a young man as drove Mr. Kingdon and your wife's sister across country to Hull with two of my lord's own horses, stopping to bait on the way. They went aboard ship at Hull, Mr. Kingdon and the young lady—a ship that was bound for foreign parts.' This is what the groom said; but it was little good knowing it now. There'd been advertisements in the papers, beseeching her to come back, and every thing had been done that could be done, and all to no end. A few years after this back comes Mr. Kingdon as large as life, married to some dark-faced, frizzy-haired lady, whose father owned half the Indies, according to people's talk—but he fought very shy of James Halliday; but when they did meet one day at the covert side Jim rode up to the honorable gentleman and asked him what he had done with Susan Meynell. Those that saw the meeting said that Montagu Kingdon turned as white as a ghost when he saw Jim Halliday riding up to him on his big, raw-boned horse; but nothing came of the quarrel. Mr. Kingdon did not live many years to enjoy the money his frizzy-haired West Indian lady left him. He died before his brother, Lord Durnsville, and left neither chick nor child to inherit his money, nor yet the Durnsville title, which was extinct on the death of the viscount."

"And what of the poor girl?"

"Ay, poor lass, what of her? It was fifteen years after she left her home before her sister got so much as a line to say she was in the land of the living. When a letter did come at last it was a very melancholy one. The poor creature wrote to her sister to say she was in London, alone and penniless, and, as she thought, dying."

"And the sister went to her?"

I remembered that deprecating sentence in the family Bible, written in a woman's hand.

"That she did, good honest soul, as fast as she could travel, carrying a full purse along with her. She found poor Susan at an inn near Aldersgate Street—the old quarter, you see, that she'd known in her young days. Mrs. Halliday meant to have brought the poor soul back to Yorkshire, and had settled it all with Jim; but it was too late for any thing of that kind. She found Susan dying, wandering in her mind off and on, but just able to recognize her sister and to ask forgiveness for having trusted to Montagu Kingdon instead of taking counsel from those that wished her well."

"Was that all?" I asked presently.

Mr. Mercer made long pauses in the course of his narrative, during which we walked briskly on; he pondering on those past events, I languishing for further information.

"Well, lad, that was about all. Where Susan had been in all those years, or what she had been doing, was more than Mrs. Halliday could find out. Of late she had been living somewhere abroad. The clothes she had last worn were of foreign make, very poor and threadbare; and there was one little box in her room at the inn that had been made at Rouen, for the name of a Rouen trunkmaker was on the inside of the lid. There were no letters or papers of any kind in the box; so you see there was no way of finding out what the poor creature's life had been. All her sister could do was to stay with her and comfort her to the last, and to see that she was quietly laid to rest in a decent grave. She was buried in a quiet little city church-yard, somewhere where there are green trees among the smoke of the chimney-pots. Montagu Kingdon had been dead some years when that happened."

"Is that last letter still in existence?" I asked.

"Yes; my first wife kept it with the rest of her family letters and papers. Dorothy takes care of them now. We country folks set store by those sort of things, you know."

I would fain have asked Mr. Mercer to let me see this last letter written by Susan Meynell; but what excuse could I devise for so doing? I was completely fettered by my promise to George Sheldon, and could offer no reasonable pretense for my curiosity.

There was one point which I was bound to push home in the interests of my Sheldon, or, shall I not rather say, my Charlotte? That all-important point was the question of marriage or no marriage.

"You feel quite clear as to the fact that Montagu Kingdon never did marry this young woman?" I said.

"Well, yes," replied uncle Joe; "that was proved beyond doubt, I'm sorry to say. Mr. Kingdon never could have dared to come back here with his West-Indian wife in poor Charlotte Meynell's lifetime if he had really married her."

"And how about the lady he was said to have married in Spain?"

"I can't say any thing about that. It may have been only a scandal, or, if there was a marriage, it may have been illegal. The Kingdons were Protestants, and the Spaniards are all papists, I suppose. A marriage between a Protestant and a Roman Catholic wouldn't be binding."

"Not upon such a man as this Kingdon."

It seems more than probable that the opinion arrived at by this poor soul's friends must be correct, and that Montagu Kingdon was a scoundrel. But how about Susan Meynell's after-life?—the fifteen years in which she was lost sight of. May she not have married some one else than Mr. Kingdon? and may she not have left heirs who will arise in the future to dispute my darling's claim?

Is it a good thing to have a great inheritance? The day has been when such a question as that could not by any possibility have shaped itself in my mind. Ah! what is this subtle power called love, which worketh such wondrous changes in the human heart? Surely the miracle of the cleansed leper is in some manner typical of this transformation. The emanation of divine purity encircled the leper with its supernal warmth, and the scales fall away beneath that mysterious influence. And so from the pure heart of a woman issues a celestial fire which burns the plague-spot out of the sinner's breast. Ah, how I languish to be at my darling's feet, thanking her for the cure she has wrought!

I have given my Sheldon the story of Susan Meynell's life, as I had it from uncle Joseph. He agrees with me as to the importance of Susan's last letter; but even that astute creature does not see a way to getting the document in his hands without letting Mr. Mercer more or less into our secret.

"I might tell this man, Mercer, some story about a little bit of money coming to his niece, and get at Susan Meynell's letter that way," he said; "but whatever I told him would be sure to get round to Philip somehow or other, and I don't want to put him on the scent."

My Sheldon's legal mind more than ever inclines to caution now that he knows the heiress of the Haygarths is so nearly allied to his brother Philip.

"I'll tell you what it is, Hawkehurst," he said

THE MEYNELL BIBLE.

to me, after we had discussed the business in all its bearings, "there are not many people I'm afraid of, but I don't mind owning to you that I am afraid of my brother Phil. He has always walked over my head; partly because he can wear his shirt-front all through business hours without creasing it, which I can't, and partly because he's—well—more unscrupulous than I am."

He paused meditatively, and I too was meditative; for I could not choose but wonder what it was to be more unscrupulous than George Sheldon.

"If he were to get an inkling of this affair," my patron resumed presently, "he'd take it out of our hands before you could say Jack Robinson—supposing any body ever wanted to say Jack Robinson, which they don't—and he'd drive a bargain with us instead of our driving a bargain with him."

My friend of Gray's Inn has a pleasant way of implying that our interests are coequal in this affair. I caught him watching me curiously once or twice during our last interview, when Charlotte's name was mentioned. Does he suspect the truth, I wonder?

Nov. 12. I had another interview with my patron yesterday, and rather a curious interview, though not altogether unsatisfactory. George Sheldon has been making good use of his time since my return from Yorkshire.

"I don't think we need have any fear of opposition from children or grandchildren of Susan Meynell," he said; "I have found the registry of her interment in the church-yard of St. Giles's, Cripplegate. She is described in that registry by her maiden name, and there is a plain head-stone in a corner of the ground, inscribed with the name of Susan Meynell, who died July 14, 1835, much lamented; and then the text about 'the one sinner that repenteth,' and so on," said Mr. Sheldon, as if he did not care to dwell on so hackneyed a truism.

"But," I began, "she might have been married, in spite of—"

"Yes, she might," replied my Sheldon, captiously; "but then, you see, the probability is that she wasn't. If she had been married she would have told her sister as much in that last letter, or she would have said as much when they met."

"But she was delirious?"

"Not all the time. She was sensible enough to talk about her sorrow for the past, and so on; and she must have been sensible enough to have spoken of her children, if she had ever had any. Besides, if she had been married, she would scarcely have been wandering about the world in that miserable manner, unless her husband was an uncommonly bad lot. No, Hawkehurst, depend upon it we're nothing to fear in that quarter. The person we have to fear is that precious brother of mine."

"You talked the other day about driving a bargain with him," I said; "I didn't quite understand your meaning. The fortune can only be claimed by Char—Miss Halliday, and your brother has no legal authority to dispose of her money."

"Of course not," answered my employer, with contemptuous impatience of my dullness; "but my brother Phil is not the man to wait for legal power. His ideas will be Miss Halliday's ideas in this business. When my case is ripe for action I shall make my bargain—half the fortune to be mine from the day of its recovery. A deed containing these conditions must be executed by Charlotte Halliday before I hand over a single document relating to the case. Now, as matters stand at present," he went on, looking very fixedly at me, "her execution of that deed would rest with Philip."

"And when shall you make your overtures to Mr. Sheldon?" I asked, at a loss to understand that intent look.

"Not until the last links of the chain are put together. Not before I'm ready to make my first move on the Chancellor's chess-board. Perhaps not at all."

"How do you mean?"

"If I can tide over a little time I may throw Philip overboard altogether, and get some one else to manage Miss Halliday for me."

"What do you mean?"

"I'll tell you, Hawkehurst," answered my patron, resting his elbows on the table by which we were sitting, and looking me through with those penetrating black eyes of his. "My brother Phil played me a shabby trick a few years ago, which I have not forgotten or forgiven. So I shouldn't mind paying him out in some of his own coin. Beyond which, I tell you again, I don't like the idea of his having a finger in this business. Where that kind of man's finger can go his whole hand will follow; and if once that hand fastens on John Haygarth's money it'll be bad times for you and me. Miss Halliday counts for exactly nothing in my way of reckoning. If her step-father told her to sign away half a million, she'd scribble her name at the bottom of the paper, and press her pretty little thumb upon the wafer, without asking a single question as to the significance of the document. And, of course, she'd be still less inclined to make objections if it was her husband who asked her to execute the deed. Ah! my young friend, how is it you grow first red and then white when I mention Miss Halliday's husband?"

I have no doubt that I did indeed blanch when that portentous word was uttered in conjunction with my darling's name. Mr. Sheldon leaned a little further across the table, and his hard black eyes penetrated a little deeper into the recesses of my foolish heart.

"Valentine Hawkehurst," he said, "shall we throw my brother Phil overboard altogether? Shall you and I go shares in this fortune?"

"Upon my word and honor, I don't understand you," I said, in all sincerity.

"You mean that you won't understand me," answered George Sheldon, impatiently; "but I'll make myself pretty clear presently; and as your own interest is at stake, you'll be very unlike the rest of your species if you don't find it easy enough to understand me. When first I let you in for the chance of a prize out of this business, neither you nor I had the slightest idea that circumstances would throw the rightful claimant to the Haygarth estate so completely into our way. I had failed so many times with other cases before I took up this case, that it's a wonder I had the courage to work on. But, somehow or other, I had a notion that this particular business would turn up trumps. The way seemed a little clearer than it usually is; but not clear enough to tempt Tom, Dick, and Harry. And then, again, I had learned a good many secrets from the experience of my failures. I was well up to my work. I might have carried it on, and I ought to have carried it on, without help; but I was getting worn out and lazy, so I let you into my secret, having taken it into my head that I could venture to trust you."

"You didn't trust me further than you could help, my friend," I replied, with my usual candor. "You never told me the amount left by the reverend intestate; but I heard that down at Ullerton. A half share in a hundred thousand pounds is worth trying for, Mr. Sheldon."

"They call it a hundred thousand down there, do they?" asked the lawyer, with charming innocence. "Those country people always deal in high figures. However, I don't mind owning that the sum is a handsome one, and if you and I play our cards wisely we may push Philip out of the game altogether, and share the plunder between us."

Again I was obliged to confess myself unable to grasp my employer's meaning.

"Marry Charlotte Halliday out of hand," he said, bringing his eyes and his elbows still nearer to me, until his bushy black whiskers almost touched my face. "Marry her before Philip gets an inkling of this affair, and then, instead of being made a tool of by him, she'll be safe in your hands, and the money will be in your hands into the bargain. Why, how you stare, man! Do you think I haven't seen how the land lies between you two? Haven't I dined at Bayswater when you've been there? and could any man with his wits about him see you two sentimental young simpletons together *without* seeing how things were going on? You are in love with Charlotte, and Charlotte is in love with you. What more natural than that you two should make a match of it? Charlotte is her own mistress, and hasn't sixpence in the world that any one but you and I know of; for, of course, my brother Phil will continue to stick to every penny of poor old Tom's money. All you have to do is to follow up the young lady; it's the course that would suggest itself to any man in the same case, even if Miss Halliday were the ugliest old harridan in Christendom, instead of being a very jolly kind of girl, as girls go."

My employer said this with the tone of a man who had never considered the genus girl a very interesting part of creation. I suppose I looked at him rather indignantly; for he laughed as he resumed:

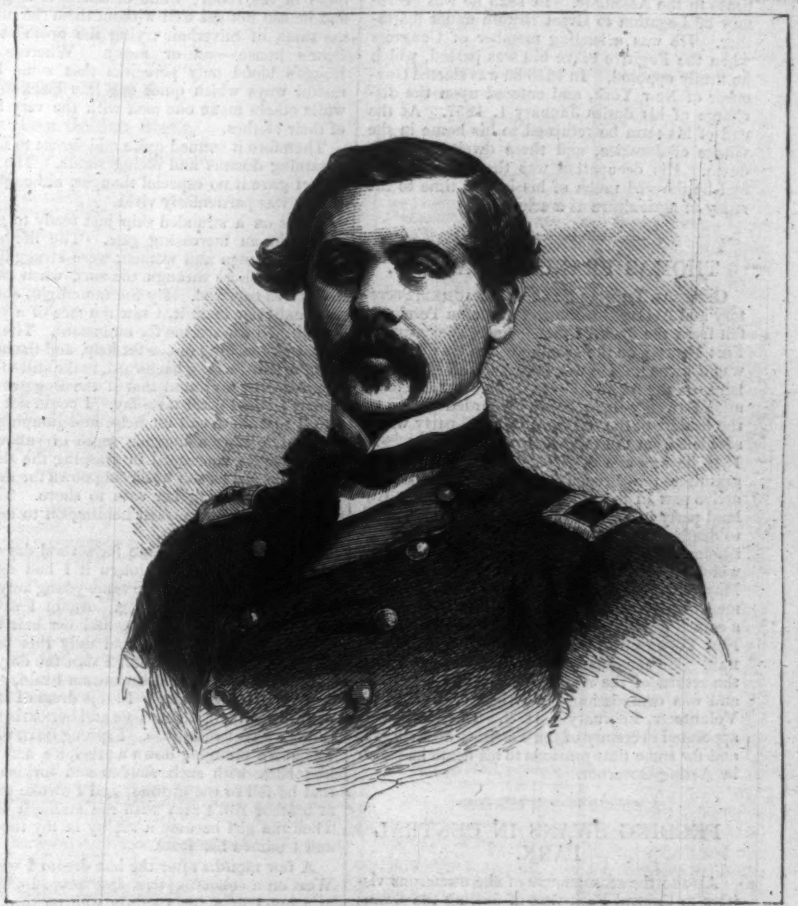
"I'll say she's an angel, if you like," he said: "and if you think her one, so much the better. You may consider it a very lucky thing that you came in my way, and a still more lucky thing that Miss Halliday has been silly enough to fall in love with you. I've heard of men being born with silver spoons in their mouths; but I should think you must have come into the world with a whole service of plate. However, that is neither here nor there. Your policy will be to follow up your advantages; and if you can persuade the young lady to change her name for Hawkehurst on the quiet some fine morning, without stopping to ask permission of her step-father, or any one else, so much the better for you, and so much the more agreeable to me. I'd rather do business with you than with my brother Phil: and I sha'n't be sorry to cry quits with that gentleman for the shabby trick he played me a few years ago."

My Sheldon's brow darkened as he said this, and the moody fit returned. That old grudge which my patron entertains against his brother must have relation to some very disagreeable business, if I may judge by George Sheldon's manner.

Here was a position for me, Valentine Hawkehurst, soldier of fortune, cosmopolitan adventurer, and child of the nomadic tribes who call Bohemia their mother country! Already blessed with the sanction of my dear love's simple Yorkshire kindred, I was now assured of George Sheldon's favor; nay, urged onward in my paradisaic path by that unsentimental mentor. The

"SUMMER TIME."—[SEE POEM, PAGE 478.]

THE LATE JOHN ALSOP KING.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY R. A. LEWIS, 158 CHATHAM STREET.]



THE LATE GENERAL THOMAS F. MEAGHER.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 478.]

situation was almost too much for my bewildered brain. Charlotte an heiress, and George Sheldon eager to bring about my participation in the Haygarthian thousands!

And now I sit in my little room in Omega Street, pondering upon the past, and trying to face the perplexities of the future.

Is this to be? Am I, so hopeless an outsider in the race of life, to come in with a rush and win the prize which Fortune's first favorite might envy? Can I hope or believe it? Can the Fates have been playing a pleasant practical joke with me all this time, like those fairies who decree that the young prince shall pass his childhood and youth in the guise of a wild boar, only to be transformed into an Adonis at last by the hand of the woman who is disinterested enough to love him, despite his formidable tusks and ungainly figure?

No! a thousand times no! The woman I love, and the fortune I have so often desired, are not for me. Every man has his own especial Fates; and the three sisters who take care of me are grim, hard-visaged, harder-hearted spinsters, not to be mollified by propitiation, or by the smooth tongue of the flatterer. The cup is very sweet, and it seems almost within my grasp; but between that chalice of delight and the lips that thirst for it, ah, what a gulf!

They who leaped from Leucadia's rocky steep were cured of their fatal passion, if they were not drowned; and I may win my Charlotte and a slice of John Haygarth's fortune, if I can jockey the three implacable spinsters.

Nov. 13. The above was written late at night, and under the influence of my black dog. What an ill-conditioned cur he is, and how he mouths and mangles the roses that bestrew his pathway, always bent upon finding the worm at the core!

I kicked the brute out of doors this morning, on finding a letter from my dear one lying in my plate. "Avaunt, aroint thee, foul fiend!" I cried. "Thou art the veritable poodle in whose skin Mephistopheles hides when bent on direst mischief. I will set the sign of the cross upon my threshold, and thou shalt enter no more."

This is what I said to myself as I tore open my darling's envelope, with its pretty little motto stamped on cream-colored sealing-wax, "*Pensez à moi.*" Ah, love; "while memory holds a seat in this distracted globe." I saw the eyes of my friend Horatio fixed upon me as I opened my letter, and knew that my innermost sentiments were under inspection. Prudence demands all possible caution where the noble Captain is concerned. I can not bring myself to put implicit faith in his account of his business at Ullerton. He may have been there, as he says, on some promoting spec; but our meeting in that town was, to say the least, a strange coincidence, and I am not a believer in coincidences—off the stage, where a gentleman invariably makes his appearance directly his friends or his enemies begin to talk about him.

I can not forget my conviction that Jonah Goodge was bought over by a rival investigator, and that Rebecca Haygarth's letters were tampered with: nor can I refrain from connecting that shapely but well-worn lavender glove with the person of my dandy friend, Horatio Paget. The disappearance of a letter from the packet intrusted to me by Miss Judson is another mysterious circumstance; nor can I do away with the impression that I heard the name Meynell distinctly pronounced by Philip Sheldon the last time I was at the villa.

George Sheldon tells me the secret can not by any possibility have been betrayed, unless betrayed by me; and I have been prudence itself.

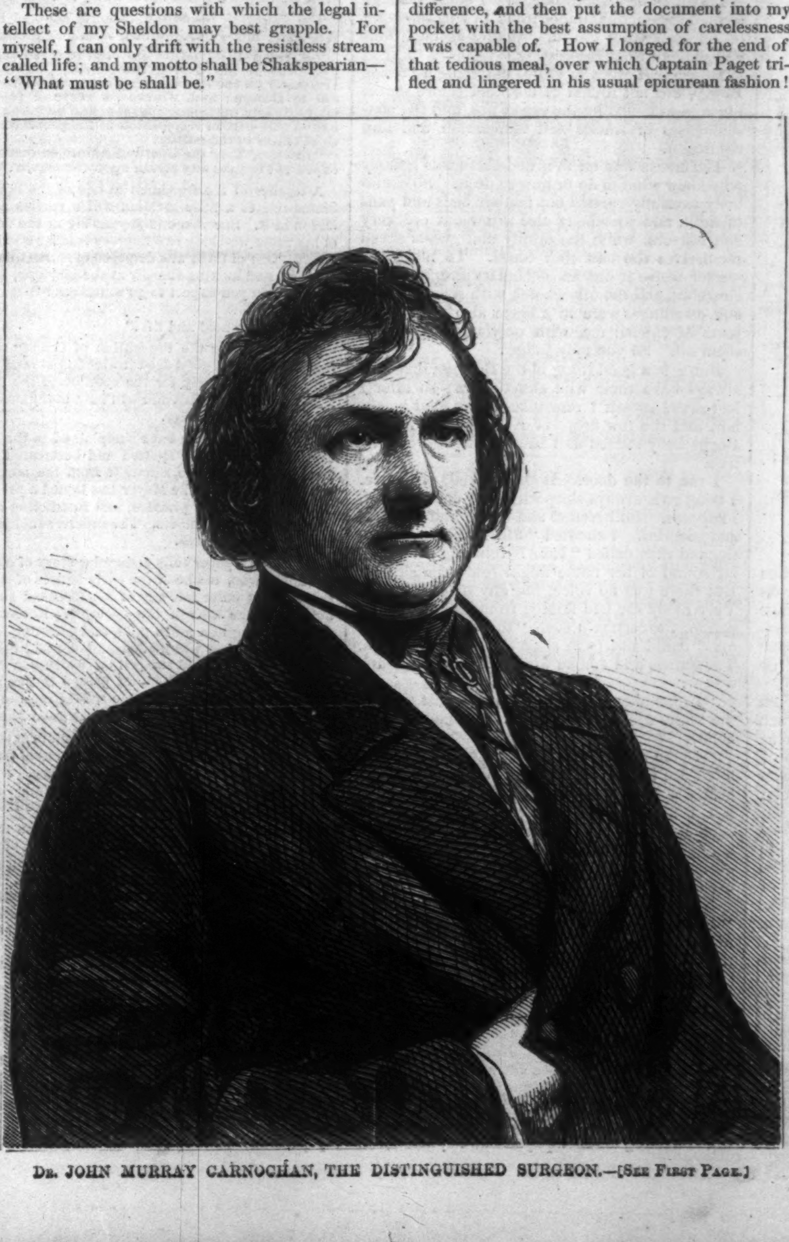
Supposing my suspicions of Mr. Goodge to be correct, the letters extracted from Mrs. Rebecca's correspondence might tell much, and might even put Horatio on the track of the Meynells. But how should he get his first inkling of the business?

Certainly not from me or from George Sheldon. But might not his attention have been attracted by that advertisement for heirs-at-law to the Haygarthian estate which appeared in the *Times?*

These are questions with which the legal intellect of my Sheldon may best grapple. For myself, I can only drift with the resistless stream called life; and my motto shall be Shakspearian—"What must be shall be."

I was so unfortunate as to make my appearance in our common sitting-room five minutes after my patron. There had been time enough for him to examine the superscription and postmark of my letter. He was whistling when I went into the room, and I drew my own deduction from the fact. People who have been looking at things that don't belong to them always whistle.

I did not care to read my Charlotte's first letter with those hawk's eyes fixed upon me. So I just glanced at the dear handwriting, as if running over an ordinary letter with the eye of indifference, and then put the document into my pocket with the best assumption of carelessness I was capable of. How I longed for the end of that tedious meal, over which Captain Paget trifled and lingered in his usual epicurean fashion!



DR. JOHN MURRAY CARNOCHAN, THE DISTINGUISHED SURGEON.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

My friend Horatio has shown himself not a little curious about my late absence from the joint domicile. I again resorted to the Dorking fiction—my aged aunt breaking fast, and requiring much propitiation from a dutiful nephew with an eye to her testamentary arrangements. I had been compelled to endow my shadowy relative with a comfortable little bit of money, in order to account for my devotion; since the powerful mind of my Horatio would have refused to grasp the idea of disinterested affection for an ancient kinswoman.

There was an ominous twinkle in the Captain's sharp gray eyes when I gave this account of my absence, and I sorely doubt his acceptance of this second volume of the Dorking romance. Ah, what a life it is we lead in the tents of Ishmael, the castaway! through what tortuous pathways wander the nomad tribes who call Hagar the abandoned their mother! what lies, what evasions, what prevarications! Horatio Paget and I watch each other like two cunning fencers, with a stereotyped smile upon our lips and an eager restlessness in our eyes, and who shall say that one or other of our rapiers is not poisoned, as in the famous duel before Claudius, usurper of Denmark?

My dear one's letter is all sweetness and love, in a general way. She is coming home; and, much as she prefers Yorkshire to Bayswater, she is pleased to come back to town for my sake—for my sake. She leaves the pure atmosphere of that simple country home to become the central point in a net-work of intrigue; and I am bound to keep the secret so closely interwoven with her fate. I love her more truly, more purely than I thought myself capable of loving; yet I can only approach her as the tool of George Sheldon, a rapacious conspirator, bent on securing the hoarded thousands of old John Haygarth.

Of all men upon this earth I should be the last to underrate the advantages of wealth—I, who have been reared in the gutter, which is Poverty's cradle. Yet I would fain my darling's fortune had come to her in any other fashion than as the result of my work in the character of a salaried private inquirer.

EX-GOVERNOR JOHN A. KING.

ON July 4 last Ex-Governor JOHN A. KING delivered an impromptu speech at a celebration of the national holiday at Jamaica, Long Island. A literary society of the town, composed chiefly of young men, were prominent in conducting the ceremonies of the celebration, and to the youthful members of this he more particularly addressed himself, urging upon them the great responsibility of fitting themselves for the duty of conducting the Government in the future. "Life," he said, "is all before *you;* but old men like me are passing away." As he uttered these words he was prostrated by a stroke of paralysis; and, being removed, lingered a few days, and finally "passed away" on July 7.

Governor KING was the son of Hon. RUFUS KING, and was born in New York City in 1788. During his youth he accompanied his father—who was Minister to the Court of St. James—to England. While in England he attended school at Harrow, and his schoolmates were his brother CHARLES, LORD BYRON, SIR ROBERT PEEL, and others who became men of eminence. In 1812, having been mustered into the service of the United States, he served as Lieutenant of a troop of horse, and continued in the service until the close

of the war. He represented Queens County six times in the Assembly. In 1825 he was Secretary of Legation to Great Britain under his father. He was a leading member of Congress when the Fugitive Slave bill was passed, which he firmly opposed. In 1856 he was elected Governor of New York, and entered upon the discharge of his duties January 1, 1857. At the end of his term he returned to his home in the village of Jamaica, and there dwelt until his death. His occupation was that of a farmer, and he devoted much of his leisure time to the study of agriculture as a science.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

General Thomas Francis Meagher, Secretary and Acting Governor of Montana Territory, fell from the deck of the steamer *Thompson*, at Fort Benton, on the evening of the 1st inst., and was drowned. He was born at Waterford, Ireland, on the 3d of August, 1823. At the early age of twenty-three he was regarded as one of the leaders of the "Young Ireland" party which seceded from the followers of O'Connell. In 1848 he was one of the delegates sent to congratulate the French Republic. He took an active part in the movements of the Young Ireland party in 1848, was arrested, and sentenced to death. The sentence was commuted to banishment for life to Van Diemen's Land, from which he escaped, and landed in New York in May, 1852. He was received by his countrymen with great enthusiasm. In 1861 he raised a company and joined the Sixty-ninth Regiment, New York State Militia, under General Corcoran. He acted as Major at Bull Run, and after the return of the regiment he raised a brigade and was commissioned a Brigadier-General of Volunteers, February 3, 1862. In 1865 he was appointed Secretary of the Territory of Montana, and for some time previous to his death had been its Acting Governor.

FEEDING SWANS IN CENTRAL PARK.

Among the amusements of the numerous visitors to Central Park that of feeding the Swans in the Lake appears to be the most enticing; and if the birds were not wiser than the most of mankind, and knew when to stop eating, they would suffer dreadfully from indigestion; for on bright, pleasant days the children and ladies are constantly engaged in the pleasant task illustrated by our artist on page 472.

SUMMER TIME.

[*See Illustration on page 476.*]

Sweet it was in that summer time
By the winding river's bank to stray;
Sweet, where the trees in their leafy prime
Checkered with shade our wandering way:
Golden the light of the sun's last rays;
Perfumed the breath of the summer air;
Sweet, on a downcast face to gaze—
Sweet it was, and my love was fair!

Our boat lay moored on the river nigh:
The sun had sunk, and the day was gone;
The moon's faint crescent had climbed the sky;
The stars came out—yet we wandered on.
The lightest zephyr was hushed to sleep;
There was peace and calm above, below;
Our whispers scarce broke that silence deep,
As we walked by the river's noiseless flow.

I plucked for my love a stray wild-flower;
The nightingale sang its strain divine:
I gave her my heart that evening hour;
I asked my darling—and she was mine!
Once more we had reached our little boat;
Once more, borne on by the tranquil tide,
We heard the nightingale's love-lorn note;
And she was near me—my love, my bride!

The summer hours may perish and go,
Their memories sweet will haunt me yet;
As long as the river shall onward flow,
Those evening hours I shall ne'er forget—
Those evening hours, that summer walk
By the river's bank, 'neath the fragrant limes;
Those whispers of love, that long, low talk,
In that sweetest of all sweet summer times!

WARNED IN A DREAM.

I do not believe much in signs and wonders myself, but my brother Bill does. He looks awed, and thinks "disembodied spirits influence us more than we know." Then he grows mysterious, and says, "The working of mind upon mind is a subject we understand very little about."

"Like *enough*. But the speculative William takes after the Ashbury side of our house, which is poetical, metaphysical, and full of adventures; while I am Boggs all over from the bump of firmness to the tips of my toes, and nothing ever happens to the Boggses but breakfast, dinner, supper, and bedtime. They never "see" any thing but their daily work. They might go from Texas to Walrussia without any thing to tell of; and though you would be likely to get what you came for if you went to them after a loaf of bread, yet it would be just plain bread raised with plain hop yeast and no flavor of manna or ambrosia about it.

So to me nothing ever happens but the commonest sort of things that can all be accounted for in the commonest sort of ways. And while brother Bill is coming in contact with natures whose magnetism is repellent to his, *I* only meet with disagreeable people whose ways simply annoy me. In a crowd he fancies that the mingling of so many diverse spheres disturbs the spiritual harmony, while I am only conscious of being bored and tired by so much confusion and noise. Just the same in illness: the magnetic influence of some are bad for him, and he can not have them in the room; while of others it is good, and he can not get well without them (he makes me think of Silverhair trying the broth at the Bear's house—*all* or *none*). Whereas the Boggs's blood only perceives that some have restful ways which quiet one like black-drops, while others make one *mad* with the very hang of their clothes.

Therefore it seemed quite odd for *me* to fall to dreaming dreams and seeing sights. The first time I gave it no especial thought, although the dream was particularly vivid.

I was on a stranded ship just ready to go in pieces in an increasing gale. The life-boats, filled with men and women, were struggling to reach the shore through the surf, when one of them was capsized. By the moonlight, shining full and clear upon it, I saw the face of a young girl turned toward me for an instant. The face, the arms reaching out as for help, and the heavy, curling hair floating backward, make still so clear a picture in my mind that if the Boggses were artists I could paint it to-day. I could not withstand that mute call for help, and jumping into the water, after a horrible sense of suffocation and struggle, succeeded in grasping the sinking form of a girl as she was going down for the last time, and bringing her safe to shore. Then I awoke, and found myself holding on to my pillow with all my might.

This dream haunted me for several days, and when I had almost forgotten it I had another dream wherein I saved the same young lady from being bitten by a mad dog. Again I saw her with her arms thrown out and her hair blown backward; and again I had only this passing picture; waking the instant I shot the dog.

But when the third dream came I said, "Now I will take it for a sign." In this dream I saw her with the sunlight on her face and her curls flying, riding a frightened horse. I sprang forward as he was about plunging down a precipice, and pulled him back with such sudden and furious force that he fell to the ground, and I awoke tugging at brother Bill's arm with the strength of two. Then the girl became a reality in my thoughts, and I named her Rose.

A few months after the last dream I went out West on a collecting trip, and stopped one night at a hotel in a town pretty well on toward the Pacific Ocean. I went early to my room, and happening to look back with my hand on the door, I saw a young lady going into the room next mine. She was holding one hand for her bag and the other for a candle, which a servant carried, and which threw its light full upon her face. At the same instant she made some little motion of the head which threw back her long curls. I had only an instant vision, but I should have known the pale sweet face any where in the world; for there she was, the "Rose" of my threefold dream. Yes, really *Rose*, for I went immediately down to the office, and looking on the register, saw just under mine the name of Rose Ballad.

I went to bed wondering how I could manage to make her acquaintance; and as I had to leave on an early train the undertaking seemed difficult enough to be interesting.

However, I went to sleep, but being a prosaic Boggs, did not dream of her, and before morning was wakened by the cry of fire, and the consciousness of smoke and suffocation and dire confusion.

The house was on fire, and there was nobody who knew what to do or how to do it. So somebody carefully carried out feather-beds and pans of milk, and somebody else threw out crockery and mirrors, while the family and guests saved themselves the best they could. To make the matter worse it was an incendiary fire, and both churches, and the other hotel, with several stores and dwellings, were in a blaze also in different parts of the village, with only one engine for them all. So you may judge!

But it is a good thing in the Boggses that they always have their wits about them; so after I had saved myself I remembered my next neighbor, and the few drops of Ashbury blood in my Boggs body stirred as I saw my dreams coming true.

I ran to the door. It was locked, of course. Young girls always sleep with their doors locked, I suppose. So I rattled and called and knocked and *pounded*. I shouted "Fire!" till I was frantic, and then called "Rose!" thinking the familiar sound of her name might rouse the sleeper. But there was no voice, nor any that answered. Very likely she had fainted from fright or suffocation, for certainly even "the enchanted princess" could not have slept through such a din. The flames and smoke were pressing closer and fiercer.

"Come ahead, man! It is your last chance, the stairs are on fire!" some one shouted from below.

"Come ahead" and leave Rose! I only battered the harder on the shut door; though the heat was so great I could hardly breathe, and at last I burst through. The room was full of smoke, but I made my way to the bed. It was empty; then, lying on the floor, I groped over every foot of the room and found nobody, not even a little glass slipper.

No. It seemed that the young lady, the "Rose of all the world," left town by the midnight boat, and was miles down the river when the fire broke out.

It makes no difference how I escaped from the blazing house. I *escaped*, and here I am with my head as smooth as the back of your hand, my left hand strapped to a board in a bed of poultices, one broken leg, blisters all over my face and no rescued Rose sitting by to bring my drinks and act as my amanuensis, the latter duty being sullenly performed by the indignant Bill, who half imagines, not to say suspects, that I am ridiculing his metaphysics and spiritualism.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

In the hot and languid days of sultry summer the universal feeling is a longing for light employment (if any), "short hours," rest, and sleep. Occasionally we meet with some bright, brisk, tropical mortal, who is all the more active and chipper because it *is* broiling weather; but these are exceptional cases. As a general rule people desire to make no more exertion during July and August than is necessary. The feeling is physiological, and should be reasonably indulged. Those who have it in their power to regulate their work, especially those who are pressed with business most of the year, should content themselves with light avocations during the "heated term," take extra sleep, and recreate a little. We say "*content*" themselves; for Americans are a fast people, and there is many a man who runs his engine on the high-pressure system all the year round, and until the boiler bursts. There are truly many lazy folks in the world; but there is also a large class of hard workers, especially among those engaged in exhaustive brain labor, who need to be *coaxed* to take necessary rest and recreation.

A change is usually rest; if this can not be complete let it be partial. If you can not run away from your work altogether, and revel in country life and unaccustomed scenes, you may, at least, devote a certain portion of each day to recreative rest. Every one must decide for himself in what this must consist—a quiet *siesta*, a short excursion, an evening entertainment, a good novel, a drive, or a ride, a *physiological* dinner, a picture gallery, a concert, a romp with the children, a social chat, or a solitary stroll in the Central Park. Whatever will *thoroughly rest* may, in general, be safely resorted to by those whose minds and bodies have been over-taxed.

Those engaged in literary avocations, and who seek their chief happiness in books, will find it restful to turn the current of their thoughts, for a little while each day, into some channel outside of their ordinary business. Let the lawyer lay aside his musty books, the theologian his commentaries, the physician his medical works, and in the fresh current literature of the day, whether it be of history, poetry, fable, or fiction, awaken a new train of thought, which will force the old ones to sleep a while. Many a man of active mind and high literary ability quiets his weary brain by reading children's story-books, easy novels, or amusing fairy stories.

There is an abundance of reading in the market—fresh books suited to every taste in all the gradations from grave to gay. Favorite authors in the line of fiction have not been idle, nor their publishers either. Dickens's Works, in various elegant editions, are offered to the public, and are as keenly appreciated as ever. Thackeray's writings give pleasant and instructive reading; while Trollope, in his "Last Chronicle of Barset," makes a sort of evening party, to which he invites some favorite characters introduced in previous works, and his admirers will be happy to make one of the company, and become still further acquainted with "Lily Dale" and her friends. Historical novels are not wanting. Not only are American, English, and French authors contributing largely to fictitious literature, but translations from the German, and even from the Russian, are becoming very popular. Anonymous authors, too, are giving us some excellent light reading. For a leisure hour at home, on the steamboat deck, in the railroad car, in the quiet country farm-house, at the fashionable hotel, or wherever you may be, there is an ample variety of reading from which to select, and even the most fastidious can not fail to be suited.

The following resolution, recently adopted by the Worcester Board of Aldermen, should be preserved:

"*Whereas*, Information has been received that the President of the United States will pass through Worcester on the route of his journey from Washington to Boston; and, whereas, a sense of propriety might dictate that some official action be taken in behalf of this city, in recognition of the presence of the chief officer of the nation:

"*Resolved*, That the Board of Aldermen deem it inexpedient to take any action upon the matter."

A teacher of the freedmen in one of the Southern States relates a little incident which carries a great lesson in it. She was one day sitting at the window of her room watching two negroes loading goods into a cart. One of them was disposed to shirk; the other stopped, and looking sharply at the lazy one, said:

"Sam, do you expect to go to heaven?"

"Yes."

"Then take hold and lift!"

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals have done a good deed in erecting several public fountains in this city for the comfort of the thirsty. They are very popular, and will have many customers during this hot weather.

The ladies of Utica have complained to the Mayor that their dresses are spotted and besmeared by the filth ejected upon the sidewalk from the mouths of tobacco-chewers. The Mayor has issued a proclamation forbidding the practice, and instructing the police to arrest all offenders. The sufferers should adopt short walking-dresses.

An Eastern paper tells a singular story of a soldier in Maine, who, in one of the early battles of the war, had a bullet enter midway of his forehead and pass out under the arch of the eyebrow. Recently, the wound giving him much pain, and affecting his eyesight, an incision was made, the bone laid bare, and several pieces of lead scraped off which had adhered to it while the ragged bullet passed through. The soldier experienced immediate relief from the operation, and says his eyesight is now as good as ever.

The Ohio Penitentiary is said to contain at the present time 1002 prisoners; the largest number that have ever been incarcerated there at one time. But it is also suggestively stated that there is ample room for more, as it can conveniently accommodate 1200.

A few weeks ago two telegraph wires on the New York Central Railroad had a strange freak of "striking work" about ten o'clock in the morning and resuming again about four in the afternoon. Careful investigations were made, but the matter remained a mystery for some time. At length a point was found about sixty miles from Albany, where the wires passed over the roof of a building, almost touching it. As the sun rose the wires fell, and at twelve o'clock they lay snugly together on the tin roof. As the sun fell they cooled and rose, and by four o'clock were in their proper positions. Of course, the trouble was no sooner explained than rectified.

Some sarcastic writer thus inveighs against a not uncommon, foolish trick: "If, as it is conjectured, there are extensive deposits of elephants' tusks in our Russian bargain, we shall be able to draw from these a very valuable article of subsistence for the female population. A small piece of ivory goes a great way in this nutrition, and by placing it on the tip of a parasol it is reduced to great convenience. We observe women and girls sucking it on the street and when they meet each other, and whenever their mouths are not otherwise occupied. Their assiduous application to this succulence shows that it must contain valuable nutritive properties. And, besides, it keeps up the innocent manners of infancy. We should judge, by the seeming satisfaction, that a supply of parasol tips is as good as a cow in a family."

Some time ago a whale was stranded on the Norfolk coast, and purchased as a speculation by a sharp practitioner, who advertised for information how to preserve it. A wag replied to the advertisement, tendering the desired information on receipt of half a crown's worth of postage stamps, which arrived, and the following recipe was duly forwarded: "Put the whale carefully into a glass bottle; cover it over with spirits of wine (strong whisky may do); then cork and seal up."

There is a wild sort of legend in connection with the *Great Eastern* steamship, which the shipwrights firmly believe in. It is well known that this ship has two cases, or skins, as they are called: that is, she is almost like one ship fitted inside another. Between the inner and outer skins the workman can crawl for repairs. Dreadfully dark and sepulchral, of course, it is in there, since he must be completely closed in, excepting at the spot at which he enters. Two terrible spectres are supposed to haunt the place; somewhere there in the darkness and thick air two skeletons are believed to lie, which can never be found till the vessel is broken up. These are the remains of a smith and his riveter, the latter being a lad. During the construction of the vessel these two worked for some time, and their work lay in between the skins. But one pay-day both failed to appear at the pay-table to draw their money. They were never heard of more by any one who worked on the *Great Eastern*. The last time they had been seen they were at work in the "case" of the ship, and before long it became a fixed notion that by a fall, or by the effect of some vapor, the two had been killed, or stunned until closed in; and all the host of men who worked at the great ship believed that somewhere in the vast husk there lay two skeletons, which, for some reason, could never be found; the prosaic idea that the old fellow and his helper had left without warning for a better job finding, of course, no favor.

One of the most annoying and painful of so-called "little" troubles is a felon. A genuine remedy is worth circulating. An exchange says that a poultice of onions, applied morning, noon, and night, for three or four days, will cure a felon. No matter how bad the case lancing the finger will be unnecessary if this poultice be used; the remedy is a sure, safe, and speedy one.

The following story may not be the "newest," but it is good: A Revolutionary soldier was running for Congress, and his opponent was a young man who had "never been to the wars," and it was the custom of old Revolutionary to tell of the hardships he had endured. Said he:

"Fellow-citizens, I have fought and bled for my country. I helped to whip the British and the Indians. I have slept on the field of battle with no other covering than the canopy of heaven. I have walked over the frozen ground till every footstep was marked with blood—"

Just about this time one of the sovereigns, who had become greatly interested in his tale of sufferings, walked up in front of the speaker, wiped the tears from his eyes with the extremity of his coat-tail, and interrupted him with:

"Did you say you had fout the British and Injuns?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Did you say you had slept on the ground, while serving your country, without any kiver?"

"I did."

"Did you say your feet kivered the ground you walked over with blood?"

"Yes," replied the speaker, exultingly.

"Well, then," said the tearful sovereign, as he gave a sigh of emotion, "I guess I'll vote for t'other fellow, for I'll be blamed if you ain't done enough for your country!"

At the royal palace in Berlin forty thousand wax-candles are instantaneously lighted by a single match. The wicks are previously connected by a thread spun from gun cotton, on lighting one end of which all the candles are lighted simultaneously, and thus the whole of the seven hundred apartments are illuminated at once.

There are in the Paris Exposition between 42,000 and 43,000 exhibitors. Pocket-compasses are sold in great numbers to assist the wanderers through the vast labyrinth. These compasses have their dials inscribed with a plan of the national divisions of the building, and thus the visitor perceives by his compass the exact direction from his position of any part he may wish to reach.

We fear that the following "*Signs of Prosperity*" are very old-fashioned:

Where spades grow bright, and idle swords grow dull;
Where jails are empty, and where barns are full;
Where church paths are with frequent feet outworn;
Law court-yards weedy, silent, and forlorn;
Where doctors foot it, and where farmers ride;
Where age abounds, and youth is multiplied;
Where these signs are, they clearly indicate
A happy people and well governed state.

The cost of prosecuting Lindsey, the child-whipper, was $2000, and as his fine was only $250, it is suggested that it would have been better for the county to have paid him the $1750 and saved the farce of a trial.

It is said of Senator Wade that he has not eaten dinner for twenty years, believing that two meals a day are enough for any one to eat, and that he always feels better when he only eats twice.

The London *Spectator* says of the bonnet of the present day: "It has all the negative qualities. It does not hide the face like a poke. It is not brazen, like a pork pie. It does not ruin the complexion by compelling its wearer to throw a red shade on pink cheeks, or a green shade on an alabaster face, or a blue tinge over a creamy blonde, or an orange tint over the glowing brunette. It is—ask any woman else—supremely comfortable, it will arrange itself to any rational mode of dressing the hair—chignons are warts, not adornments—it admits of any color, it will carry any veil, it can be made at any price, or of any material, and—that such felicity should be attainable to husbands!—it will pack in any box.

"The bandbox, that impossible article of luggage which nobody would carry, which nobody could protect from the smash it was made to invite, which nobody dared abandon, and which always had to be replaced after a day's journey, is extinct."

FERTILITY OF EGYPT.

That vast grain-growing country, which has been celebrated from the earliest historical periods as the most productive in the staple articles of human food, the valley of the Nile, is a narrow strip of land averaging only about ten miles in width. Between the Libyan and Arabian deserts flows the river Nilus—very similar in appearance to the Missouri. It runs rapidly, is always turbid, and rises annually so as to flood the land each side of its meandering banks. When the high-water subsides a tenacious, muddy, black slime covers the ground. That is the fertilizing material which enriches the soil as the food of plants. Crops sown on that coat of deposited substance are unparalleled both for quality and quantity when assisted by irrigation.

What is that slime—what its composition? A common theory is this: that it is vegetable matter held in solution, which settles on the land by its own gravity when the water at its height is comparatively tranquil. A celebrated German microscopic philosopher says that the true solution of the question is this, viz.: the fertilizing slime is nothing more nor less than infusorial insects, too small to be recognized by an unassisted eye. It is animal matter, not materially unlike fish-manure, which is known to be the best fertilizer the farmer can put upon his fields. Therefore, all animal remains may be turned to profitable account by copying Nature's system of fertilization.

For brown discolorations, called Moth and Freckles, use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion, prepared by Dr. B. C. Perry, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

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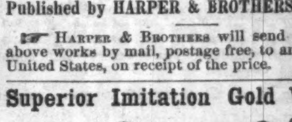

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